THE
COMMONWEAL

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THE CASE OF THE KLAN

AS THE days go by, Ku Klux Klania constantly digs a little more of its own grave. This in turn peers up at you like a ghastly abyss, suggestive of such antique haunts as the dragon's lair and Grendel's marsh. One-time master of Hoosierdom D. C. Stephenson has dragged after him a good share of Indiana's political organization, inculpating city and state officials to an extent that baffles comparison. No one knows how far the exposure might be pushed if all the evidence were available. Enough has been revealed, however, to justify the feeling that Indiana government has been made one amazing refuse heap by a gentleman with a gift for squeezing the juice out of popular errors and prejudices. Similarly, the Klan had been linked with malpractice and conspiracy in Louisiana; and the statement issued by the grand jury in session in Butler County, Alabama, is an indictment which no organization can accept and survive. The jury found that flogging as an art has been developed by the hooded masters of bigoted hysteria. "We find," the report declares, "that in most, if not all of the cases, these outrageous acts of hooded mobs wearing the regalia of the Ku Klux Klan are the evil results of leadership at war with all constituted authority and done in bigoted disregard of the courts."

Significant and impressive as these disclosures are, they constitute only one small portion of the infamy which has been traced to kleagles and dragons. There is practically no form of wrong-doing which has not been identified with noted burners of the fiery cross. It is so complete and staggering a record that reference to it is almost sufficient comment. We do not doubt that the Klan is dead, even though fanatical intolerance, muddled ignorance and plain folly are not. And the fact that one is dying while the other lives on seems so unusual and worthy of comment that a few words about it may be in place just now. Intolerances of various sorts will, no doubt, always exist. They are not the products of ignorance alone. Indeed they are really abortive growths out of an instinct, a state of mind, legitimate enough in essence.

The right to preserve one's self is not limited to the body. In fact the realization of that right is probably most intense in cases where people suffer physical starvation and disease in order to maintain something more intimate and sacred. Personality is an ultimate possession which most of us struggle to preserve. We have a right to do so; even a duty to do so. Nevertheless a delicate question arises when we try to effect a balance between this privilege and the legitimate and identical claims of those round about us. History is crammed with instances in which this ques-

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tion could not be settled amicably. And it was part of the first great American revolution against tyranny and intolerance that government in this country almost immediately attempted to establish a settlement by law. When it declared that Congress could pass no law restraining religious freedom, the infant United States attacked one of the most difficult and permanent problems of government. From a strictly legal point of view the attack was successful; from the humanistic standpoint it failed. The proof is the accumulated graveyard of the Klan, and much else.

Obviously this lesson of the past is not very comforting. One needs to reckon with it, however, if one would do justice to contemporary phenomena. The Klan has been viciously led, viciously orientated. Yet it appeared in answer to a definite impulse of self-protection felt by a crowd which cherished its Protestant and Anglo-Saxon origins, and it grew because it was the only thing which satisfied that impulse. Sometimes the enemy visualized was the Catholic. Sometimes the Negro. Sometimes the Jew. Sometimes the foreigner. No one of these was ever completely isolated. The essence of the Klan was that it fought all the foes in one single campaign. It did not try to ambush any one and destroy that first. And of course the best proof that the whole movement was hopelessly muddle-headed is the fact that it never made a unit of the opposition. Catholics, Jews, Negroes and foreigners did not band together in order to meet the onslaught. Why? Because they did not belong together. The Catholic Church might, commendably enough, have used the opportunity to widen its apostolate among the Negroes. It could rightfully have flooded the country with posters pointing out the fact that it lived on as the greatest existing agency for the conservation and Americanization of foreigners. It could have stressed its many amicable relations with Jews. None of these things was done.

And they were rightly left undone. For the Church was not free to forget that it is here for the redemption and upbuilding of all—of the hidebound, scared, anti-modern, literalist Indiana farmer as well as of the Hebrew outcast and the Negro ex-slave. If that farmer was ignorant of it, frightened out of all reason, it had nevertheless to keep in mind an obligation of patience and benevolence. In so far as Catholics were concerned, the whole bluster did not touch upon religious issues at all. During the era of the religious revolution in Europe, differing beliefs regarding the Holy Eucharist did foment wars and massacres. Here, however, the conflict was about something else entirely, visualizing as it did the social power of Catholic groups and centering about the allegation that sinister ends were being served. Fundamentally, perhaps, the Klan has been a racial manifesto, inspired by vague impulses and woefully garbled texts. Hundreds of thousands of irate citizens organized to protect the "purity of American blood," little realizing what a chimaera they were defending.

Undoubtedly one effect of the movement has been, as several earnest commentators have declared, to alienate a great many people still further from the Church. You cannot succumb to mob feeling and accumulate no scars as a result. "The mob," Emerson said very pertinently, "is man voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast. Its fit hour of activity is night. Its actions are insane like its whole constitution. It persecutes a principle; it would whip a right; it would tar and feather justice, by inflicting fire and outrage upon the houses and persons of those who have these." He added, of course: "The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of flame." But Emerson was an optimist, and had not lived in an age when "pitiless publicity" distorted the elemental perspectives of mankind. One can only say that Catholics find the task of presenting their faith objectively, as it is, more difficult now than perhaps ever before. A smoke-screen has been thrown around essentials. The lenses through which many persons view the most transcendent reality in human experience have been clouded. Difficulty is, of course, no bar to duty. The performance of duty, however, must create no added difficulty. That is obvious.

Perhaps the old controversial method of doing missionary work for the Creed and the principles it sponsors is no longer effective. Controversy presupposes a certain preliminary openness of mind, honest disinterestedness. True though it be that Saint Bernard counseled argument as the great means for strengthening and defending the Christian faith, he may have been attending especially to the needs of his time. The illustrious code of the early Church had certainly been example—the spectacle of charity, humility, wonder-working and purity, the whole effect of the inspiration that had been given by Christ. Possibly our own supreme means of demonstrating the vitality, truth and beauty of the Catholic belief is once again example—the making of life carried on in the spirit of the Faith, luminous, satisfying and saintly.

As it is, one notes with reverence and extreme gratitude that in Indiana and elswhere, regions in which the stealthy momentum of the Klan was most vividly felt, there were actual crusades of prayer that hearts might be ennobled. After all, there could be no better recourse. As the centuries have passed, the teaching of the Church has emphasized more and more strongly the part that grace plays in faith. We have seen its influence almost with the naked eye in the life-stories of illustrious converts. Huysmans, for instance, realized clearly that his return to "goodness and peace" had been caused to a large extent by the prayer which holy women in religion had continued to offer for him. Indeed, the more one thinks of it, the more essentially reliable does sacred petition seem as the means by which the case of the Klan may be resolved. Beyond that, however, it is also necessary to act—to accomplish the myriad good things which are the products of the Faith.

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WEEK BY WEEK

FOGLIO D'ORDINI, official Roman organ of the Fascist Party, seems to have chilled the ardor of those hopes for a speedy settlement of the Roman question which were created by the declaration of the Osservatore Romano that a ceding of territory, "no matter how small," would satisfy the claims of the Vatican. "It is evident," says the Fascist editor, "that for Fascist Italy a restoration, even in the most reduced form, of the temporal power which ceased in 1870 with incommensurable advantage, in our opinion, to the moral prestige of the Roman Church, should be out of the question." The statement would seem to indicate that the government of Italy expects the big problem can be solved without granting what the Vatican consistently outlined as a sine qua non—territorial independence. Even more extreme is the seeming implication that no concession will, in fact, be offered. If this view be correct, a settlement of the "great disagreement" is impossible, even though stern conflict should result. In our humble opinion, however, the view is not correct. Many prominent Fascists, including Signor Mussolini himself, are known to desire a settlement of the difficulty. They realize the principle by which the Popes have stood since 1870. It may well be that the editorial printed by Foglio d'Ordini was merely a diplomatic manoeuvre which, by stressing the totally negative view of the situation, hoped to sound out public opinion before more definite steps were undertaken. Such an operation is quite a commonplace in European diplomacy. We shall see.

AFTER some years of discussion and preparation, the organization of the "Catholic Cercle de Genève" was effected at a meeting held on September 27. The Bishop of Fribourg and Geneva has approved the constitution, and an executive committee has been formed which includes, among others, such well-known European leaders as the Reverend André Arnou, S.J., of the International Labor Office; Monsignor Kaas, member of the German delegation to the League of Nations; Baron J. D. de Montenach, of the League secretariat; and Count Rostworowski, of the Hague Court of Arbitration. The purpose of the organization is mainly to provide a Geneva centre where Catholics engaged in studying or promoting international activities may meet and render mutual aid. For a long time the need of just such a place has been felt; and if one notes only the ethical currents which now flow through Geneva, the significance of the new union will be apparent. It is our pleasure to add, moreover, that the American member and international president of the Cercle is Mr. Michael Francis Doyle, of Philadelphia, renowned as an international lawyer. He is chairman of the American Committee of Geneva, which coördinates all American international activities in connection with the League, and he has also held several positions of the highest importance in connection with the war work of the United States. Mr. Doyle is much interested in drawing the attention of his fellow Catholics to the Geneva organization, and we feel that in doing so he is rendering a significant and necessary service.

VISCOUNT CECIL, or Lord Robert Cecil, as most of the world persists in recalling him to mind, has always been something like an uneasy conscience in British international affairs. Probably he shares the opinions and prejudices of his country and caste. But his way of looking at things is "different." It is his willingness to state the unpleasant fact when such practice seems good to him more than any other feature of his expositions as champion of world peace that evidences his complete honesty and makes him worth listening to. A striking example occurred in his most recent speech before the General Council of the League of Nations Union in London. When Lord Robert declares that many people in Great Britain "seem to regard international association as an opportunity for this country to assert what is desired for other nations to conform to," we consider he is laying his finger upon the infected nerve of the entire official movement for peace. It would be unfair to confine the charge to Britain alone. The blame must be shared by a whole group of powers who have done their best to justify the taunt, heard very generally from sceptics at the time the baby was being slapped to make it breathe, that what was really aimed at by its promoters was a League for Control. Over and over again The Commonweal has reiterated its conviction that, unless

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the big boys can be brought to show a little self-denial, and unless every nation, down to the smallest and weakest which enters the hall at Geneva, can rely upon the same attention and consideration it would receive if its wishes were backed by unlimited power to do harm instead of good, the history of the peace movement will be another story of failure and inability to rise to a great opportunity. It is encouraging to see that Lord Cecil, who has every reason to know whereof he speaks, thinks the same way.

BETWEEN the Lord Bishop of London, who has been complaining to visiting legionnaires that "the young people in the schools of your great country are not taught to love Britain as they should do," and Mayor Thompson, busy at this time of writing on a witch-hunt all his own for concealed British propaganda in Chicago textbooks, the tie that binds, etc., has been undergoing a good deal of strain in the past few weeks. It is rather a pity that Dr. Ingram, who was in Canada the other day raising the old annexation bogey and complaining that "Poles and Galicians and Lord knows who" are seeping into the dominion, did not put his case for a better feeling on more strictly ethical grounds. A plea for mutual forbearance because "Great Britain needs the things America does not want" has an uncanny ring. It sounds less like ghostly counsel than a hint that there are rich pickings outside the Nordic world for both if only a schedule can be arranged in advance. Point is lent to the good bishop's suggestion by state documents On the Origin of the War, given to the world the very day the episcopal utterance was reported. From them we glean the edifying information that Britain, engaged during 1898 on her traditional hunt for allies, was proposing a fifty-fifty partition of Portugal with Germany, for the joint benefit of the two contracting parties. One wonders just what portions of the earth's surface, blissfully unconscious that their independence is even menaced, are being offered today to growing powers anxious to play the imperial game, as a counterbalance against more things some grown-up power "needs."

THE TREND of first-rate Democratic opinion as to why Governor Smith is a good candidate for the Presidency is shown in a paper contributed to the November number of the North American Review by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. She believes that, in order to "stem the tide of materialism in politics," we need a man "who will combine Wilson's ideals with Coolidge's practical knowledge of how to achieve political results." Holding that President Wilson had no "knowledge of practical politics" and that President Coolidge has snuffed out all idealism under a blanket of "dollars and cents," Mrs. Roosevelt pleads for balance of the sort illustrated by Governor Smith's régime. She believes that, in view of his executive record, his "personal attitude on prohibition is of minor importance," because, after all, the Volstead debate is not a matter any President can settle. "As to the religious question," she adds, "Governor Smith has made his own answer, and the country seems as a whole to approve. If a few captious souls still fear the influence of Rome, it is because they must find something to fear, and this is nearest at hand." In other words, Governor Smith is logically a Democratic candidate not merely because he would make a good President, but because, as a party leader, he would not spell catastrophe for the party. Mrs. Roosevelt is a competent, observant woman, whose opinion has weight even if its rightness still awaits proof.

NO EQUALLY significant statement has been made as yet in favor of any Republican candidate. Mr. Villard has written for The Nation an incisive, intelligent, and on the whole convincing obituary over the political corpse of Charles Evans Hughes, which had seemed in some likelihood of resuscitation. Every other possible candidate has been cowed, to some extent, at least, by continued talk of a third term for Mr. Coolidge. Even the recent heart-to-heart conversation between the President and Senator Fess of Ohio has not dispelled the dream of a "draft." The Senator, who is genuinely a political leader in the Middle-West and who has come to be something like a private adviser to the administration, admits the irritation of his chief, but insists that "the sentiment of the country is overwhelmingly in favor of Mr. Coolidge for another term and I cannot see how any man, unless it is a matter of health, and I know the President is in good health, could refuse the nomination when he knows it comes from the almost unanimous consent of the people of the United States." Indeed, it is pretty difficult to see how such a thing can be. The citizenry of the country have appreciated Mr. Coolidge's integrity and good will. Decision can be arrived at, probably, only when the President approves somebody else, or when he is himself overwhelmingly approved of.

THE business of experting, which sustains a considerable fraction of the national capital, was given a substantial boost recently by the announcement (on October 11) of the organization of a new western bloc composed of Republican members of the United States Senate. The formation of the bloc was announced in a statement issued by Senator Borah following a meeting attended also by Senators Norris, Frazier, Nye and Brookhart, all members of the so-called Progressive group which has held the balance of power in the Senate for several years. Other Senators in this older group are expected to join in later. The statement declared that the new bloc was formed to advance the interests of the West, chiefly by legislative methods. Politics were touched upon lightly in the last paragraph with a statement that, while there

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had been no formal endorsement of any candidate for the Presidency, all of the Senators present, as individuals, would favor Senator Norris.

SOME experts take this to mean a serious attempt to run Senator Norris for President, but most of them do not. The attitude of the Senator himself is rather discouraging to the former school of thought. Others profess to see a movement for Senator Borah or Senator Johnson of California (who is expected to affiliate with the new bloc) disguised in the Norris boom. These argue that if the western movement should attain unexpected seriousness, the conservative Republicans of the East would accept either Borah or Johnson in preference to Norris, who is notoriously immovable on questions involving power rights and similar sacred cows of conservatism. It should be recalled that the present administration sought to induce Borah to accept the vice-presidential nomination at Cleveland in 1924. There is another group of still more subtle experts who visualize a Hoover movement engineered by some of the leaders of the western group unbeknown to the rank and file. These expert experts confide that Hoover and Borah are personally very close—and leave the rest to the imagination.

WE HAVE followed with particular interest the development of a desire to reform the various abuses which have crept into the practice of law, because we feel that the proper functioning of justice is one of the chief characteristics of good democratic government. Speaking recently at a dinner given to him by the Alumni Association of the Columbia Law School, Judge Martin T. Manton commented upon this desire by saying that reform must come through the action of the bar itself. He felt that "the lawyer is the representative of the law," and that, when outside organizations or individuals attempt to alter or improve juristic procedure, they soon find themselves in unfamiliar territory, and blunder as a result. No doubt this is wholly correct: the main purpose of outside comment must be to call attention to abuses with such force that the profession is driven to act remedially. Judge Manton himself stressed a number of evils—legal delays, valueless precedents, excessive and dishonest recourse to contingent fees, and waste of man power. One feels, indeed, that these matters need the attention of the bar. Public opinion, however, ought to carry out a concurrent task of education: to impress upon all the virtue, or at least the civic necessity, of honest testimony and honest taking of the oath. We need not only self-respecting lawyers, but also dependable jurymen and responsible witnesses.

THE feast of Saint Luke the physician, October 18, has been designated Medical Missions day. This act is significant of the increased interest being taken by Catholic America in the work of the foreign missions, which constitute so important and so complex a venture. A doctor or nurse serves various indispensable purposes in the apostolic field. There is the matter of the missioner's health. The natives likewise constantly need care, and appreciate what is done for them so much that physical relief is often a most dependable recipe for gaining their ears and ultimately their hearts. It must also be borne in mind that Christianity has always used "healing" as one of the great means of evangelization. We are glad to see how much attention the United States is now giving to the matter. An official statement from the Reverend John A. Lynch declares: "The American Red Cross Society showed interest in the movement last year by arranging for a medical missionary training course. This year an intensive course was given at Georgetown University Medical School. Representatives of eight communities of the Church attended, including priests and sisters. The hierarchy of the country are interested. Archbishops and bishops in twenty-five dioceses have welcomed medical missionary propagandists. Universities, colleges, academies and high schools are getting together to collect staple medicines and gather used instruments and apparatus from hospitals and doctors. Catholics in general are interested."

ONE of Mr. Bernard Shaw's outstanding assets has been his capacity for saying the unexpected thing, and it does not weaken with advancing years. Approached, or rather reproached, by Mr. Freidrich Adler, secretary of the Labor Socialist International with reference to an article written by him upon Fascism, the one-time Fabian leader, far from withdrawing a single word of what had shocked his old colleagues, has chosen the occasion for an exposition of what might be called the benefits of the pragmatic view of contemporary history. "Do you expect me," says the aging thinker and dramatist, "to lecture Mussolini as Marx lectured Thiers, as Victor Hugo lectured Napoleon III and Pius IX, and as all Socialists who have never had to administer a farthing of public expenditure, to say nothing of signing a death warrant, lecture the cabinets of Europe, especially a Socialist one? . . . The blots on Mussolini's rule are neither specifically Fascist nor specifically Italian. They are blots on human nature." The answer to Mr. Shaw's douche of cold water upon the faculty of indignation is not to hand, but we prophesy in advance that it will neither impress him nor convince him of wrongheadedness. For it lies along the line of that sentimental outlook upon human problems, social or political, which he, in common with the late Anatole France, has never ceased to hold up for the derision of the intellectual, but which, whether he like it or not, has been a more powerful factor in human progression than the twisted smile which the dweller in the ivory tower of economic security occasionally spares for the human tragi-comedy at his feet.

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CATHOLICS are so accustomed to thinking of missionary conditions as matters peculiar to unsettled parts of the world that it is a great surprise to meet a bishop who dwells in the heart of Europe as regent of a diocese almost unparalleled for the scattered nature of its parishes—a veritable diaspora. Bishop Christian Schreiber, now in this country, has under his care the whole of the Free State of Saxony and part of the Free State of Thuringia. The total population of this industrial region is more than five million, but the Catholics number only some 200,000 of whom the majority are working people. Meissen, as the diocese is called, remained a vacant see during 300 years, until 1921, when Pope Benedict XV consecrated Dr. Schreiber, a prominent theologian and philosopher, bishop of this now almost totally Lutheran, communistic and radically red district. His Lordship comes to this country under the auspices of the Saint Boniface Society (15 Park Row, New York City) and with the especial blessing of the Holy Father, to lecture on a number of important themes. He can present a graphic picture of the struggle between opposing social theories in Europe, explain the status of religion in Germany since the revolution, and give brilliant analyses of modern philosophic systems. Bishop Schreiber's is an exceptionally dynamic and yet amiable personality. We bespeak for him a hearty welcome everywhere, and suggest that those who are in a position to arrange for lectures see to it that he is starred on their programs.

A WIT more caustic than one customarily meets has declared that the greatest outrage "against human nature" accomplished by a recent beauty contest had for its victims not the young women who were on display but the poor negroes who pushed them down the promenade on rubber-tired carts. One surmises, however, that the negroes were able to bear the burden more easily by reason of their being left comparatively unaffected by the suggestive power of such spectacles. In times far distant, queens and ladies of the court established styles of carriage and appearance which the fortunate strove to emulate. Today the standard seems to be set by professionals, whose faces and figures exist solely for the purpose of advertising the value of favorite cosmetics and massages. How vast a business it is may be inferred from a few contemporary facts. Madame Ganna Walska has invested francs to the number of a million and a half in a Paris "beauty institute," to which the name of Dr. Voronow is to lend authority. A favorite Broadway actress has insured her smile against change during the next ten years, a London casualty firm acting as the guarantor. The sums that can be gained by permitting one's portrait to appear in prospering periodicals side by side with a jar of cold cream have refilled many an exchequer. Beauty may come in jars and bars, but its sway abides. The queer thing is that the demand for higher education seems to continue just the same.

OUR LITERARY PONTIFFS

THE columns of the literary supplements in our daily press often make something less than elevating or exhilarating reading. We are not referring to the reviews themselves, which are in the great majority of cases thoughtful and courageous estimates of the worth of the book, novel or monograph under consideration. Those who question that the standard of American criticism has risen steadily in the last two decades can remove all doubts by referring to the same field of effort in the past. Not only has knowledge of the background of literature, so necessary to any comparative estimate, grown enormously. The value of literature itself, its proper relation to life, and the need of an acquaintance with it for anyone pretending to a rounded, not to say a cultured, mind, is stressed not only by the increasing space afforded book reviews but by the names which appear over them.

What we have in mind when we say that the literary supplement or literary page is assuming a bewildering heterogeneity are the numerous publishers' announcements interspersed throughout the text, calling attention to the merits of their wares in language that is sometimes indistinguishable from that of impersonal criticism. The complete independence of the major organs of the press, as regards book reviews, may be taken for granted. Attempts to override it by oblique appeal to the business office and with "space" for argument, if they are still made, almost invariably meet the fate they deserve. But this very independence has, in the nature of things, given rise to new methods of approach, very different from the "buy! buy!" of a cruder day.

One method, with which no great fault can be found, is a depreciation, or what our friends the French more subtly term a "denigration," of the mere reviewer. A book upon which money has been ventured is no longer left to the chances of its reaction upon a class which, as any publisher in his darker moments will tell you, is proverbially splenetic, undernourished and creatively ineffective. It comes into life with the imprimatur of bustling, thriving and influential fellow-writers, whose temper prosperity has mellowed, secured for it in advance and displayed upon its jacket. The exact inducements which are used to coax these shy mortals from absorption in their own enterprises to speak a cheery or a glowing word apropos of a brother or sister struggling toward notoriety is a secret it would be unmannerly to probe. But there can by now be very few writers of any standing who have not, upon occasion, gone bail to the reading public for a very lame literary effort.

Another method of evading the professional review which is in favor deserves rather more attention, if only because it implies a definite contract with the reading public. Within the past few years bookselling "services" have multiplied whose avowed object is to relieve this same public of the burden of making

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up its own mind. Little coteries are formed composed of critics whose names individually have never been invested with more than the authority implied in individual taste, prejudice or education, and it is assumed, with an effrontery parody itself could hardly improve upon, that their joint judgment is invested with infallibility. Not "a good book," not even "one of the best books," but "the best book" of the month is promised subscribers as a reward for this abdication of judgment. "You have one chance in a hundred," reads the most recent of these manifestoes, "of picking the best book to read each month. . . . Now all that's changed. There is authority upon whose judgment you can rely. You can get the best book each month. Delivered to your own door-step. Remove the guess and gamble from your book reading."

Exactly what, one wonders, does that section of the public get who hand over their selective faculty to these little colleges of literary pontiffs, and take the implied advice to disregard the reviews printed opposite their displays in the very journals that afford them hospitality? Probably, like all things mundane, their luck is fortuitous. It may happen that they become possessors, at a reduced rate, of a good book, whose merits they would hardly have been allowed to miss, in any case. It may also happen that, by a series of conjunctures over which they have less than no control, they find themselves landed with a publication whose intrinsic worthlessness and eccentricity scarcely a reviewer of any standing fails to note. What is not likely to happen, because all the laws of probability are against it, is that, by ignoring the aggregate of competent reviewing which literary journals and supplements supply for them, and by taking the verdict of the new pontiffs as final, they increase their chances of getting worthwhile reading, at whatever price, one-half of one percent.

WHISPERING BIGOTS

ONE of the most distinguished members of the Democratic party, former Senator Atlee Pomerene, of Ohio, now representing the government in the prosecution of the Sinclair and Doheny oil cases, has added his voice to that of the growing number of public-spirited men and women who are speaking out against religious bigotry. In the November number of the North American Review, in an article in which he strongly defends Governor Smith's position as the foremost presidential candidate of the Democratic party, without, however, committing himself exclusively in favor of Governor Smith, Mr. Pomerene devotes most of his space, and a considerable talent for pungent expression, to upholding the case for religious tolerance.

There is one very significant paragraph in his article which reveals a condition commonly known to exist but rarely finding its way into print. Speaking of a recent naval-reserve oil case, he writes:

"The case came on for trial before an Irish Catholic judge. The president of the defendant companies was an Irish Catholic. Word was constantly coming to the special counsel (one of whom was Mr. Pomerene himself) that the government would lose; that the cards were stacked; that, no matter what the facts and the evidence might be, the judge would decide in favor of his co-religionist. It was a base slander upon an able and honorable jurist. He found fraud and corruption and conspiracy in the contracts and leases, and set them aside. And when the case got to the Supreme Court of the United States, it was an Irish Catholic justice who handed down the unanimous decision of that bench, affirming his finding."

There are several interesting points suggested by this frank and manly telling of an unpleasant truth by Mr. Pomerene. First of all, as hinted above, it startlingly reveals the fact that what can only be called a poison-gas campaign—the poison gas of slander, or gossip amounting to slander—is probably the most insidious feature of the whole question of religious tolerance in politics and public affairs. Everybody with any first-hand knowledge knows that such gossip and scandal-mongering as surrounded the oil case referred to by Mr. Pomerene goes on in scores of other instances. Statesmen, judges and other public men who are Catholics, particularly when they are of Irish descent, together with Jews in public life, are particularly the victims of this sinister state of affairs. It is not taken for granted—far from it—by the people who indulge in the sort of talk referred to by Mr. Pomerene, that Catholic and Jewish judges and statesmen will render verdicts or decide problems without reference to their religious or racial connections. The fact that American citizens, sometimes with an American-born pedigree of several generations behind them, can be referred to, even by such a staunch champion of their integrity as Mr. Pomerene, as "Irish Catholics," is a revealing instance of the fashion in which American Catholics of Irish descent still find themselves handicapped in public life. We do not find American citizens who trace their ancestry from English families referred to as "English Protestants." Yet if citizenship is a real thing, there is no more reason to refer to citizens of Irish descent as "Irish Catholics," when they happen to be Catholics, than there is to refer to Protestant citizens of Irish descent as "Irish Protestants."

Articles such as this manly, honest and thoroughly American view of the case stated by Mr. Pomerene will do a great deal to clear the air so far as public discussion of this problem is concerned. It is more difficult to dispel the fumes of poison gas disseminated behind the scenes of public discussion. But not until people generally cease in their private conversation to impute motives connected with religious or racial affiliations to the actions they happen to note of men in public life, will anything resembling genuine tolerance become widespread.

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WHY THE STUDY CLUB?

By PATRICK J. WARD

IT IS unfortunate that the average citizen feels little interested in affairs of general public importance beyond party politics or matters of purely local significance. The nature of the education open to him, until recent years, is in some measure responsible for that outlook. Another reason for his lack of interest is that he has been so engrossed in pursuit of monetary success that there has remained little time, opportunity or desire for acquiring other than merely utilitarian knowledge.

There is reason to be thankful that such a spirit is passing. A growing desire is manifest to be better informed, even though symptoms of the present quality of that desire are evidenced in the many offerings of "puffed" literature and the like now on the market. The late Elbert Hubbard's much advertised cupboard, we fear, holds little more than a bone. A well-known Catholic editor, in discussing this condition with the writer, very aptly illustrated the situation. He said: "Even oatmeal porridge is too heavy for the typical American. We must have cream-of-wheat, devitalized and predigested."

But in these short cuts to knowledge there is a little grain of truth. They recognize that busy men and women want a modicum of knowledge with the least expenditure of time. A little more expenditure of thought would improve matters. If, then, we can convince people of the interest, appeal, utility and necessity of certain lines of reading and study, get them to devote a little more time to them than "fifteen minutes a day," and convince them that their knowledge will give a richness and understanding to life and its problems hitherto unexperienced, we shall have gone a long way toward setting them on the path of a general cultural education.

Within ten years, problems of a far different nature from those prior to American participation in the world war have faced the American people. The solution of these problems demands a more extensive knowledge of history and of the world's affairs. And at no period in our national annals, has the necessity for the education of our Catholic people, in particular, been so insistent as it is at the present time, and that for two reasons. On the one hand, it is necessary for the Catholic to equip himself to take his place in the new citizenship characterized by a broader outlook on the world and a less intense nationalism, for he is to have a large share in forming and guiding it. On the other hand, it is even more necessary for him to be prepared to resist those extreme views of internationalism which are opposed to his Catholic faith and morals, which endanger the education of his children, and which threaten, definitely even if distantly, the security of his personal rights and property.

That our Catholic people urgently require a knowledge to fit them for more constructive citizenship will hardly be questioned. There is a craving for it, a deep-seated desire born of a long ancestral heritage in Catholic countries, which is now one of America's most treasured possessions. We have but to guide this desire into proper channels in order to stimulate Catholic thought and action into a vibrant actuality. It must be directed into a vivid understanding of our Catholic faith, its truths, rites and liturgy. Our people must be shown how Catholic culture has turned to the service of God and religion all the wonders of sense and intellect. They must learn how to apply to our great national and international problems the powerful solvent of Catholic morality.

In his recent letter to the cardinals, archbishops and bishops of the United States, Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, expressing his appreciation of the work achieved by the National Catholic Welfare Conference, particularly refers to "matters of a higher import" demanding a "joint deliberation," that is, the deliberation of both priests and laity. These matters he enumerates as "those relating to the Christian family, the education of youth, public and private morality, care of numerous immigrants and other problems of this kind."

All of these have been the particular concern of the Conference, and a persistent effort has been made to interest and instruct our people in them. This has been done partly by helping them to form study clubs. For the use of these clubs, there have been prepared in clear language, and in the simplest form, outlines on subjects covering the various fields adumbrated above. These subjects are: The Christian Family; Religion; The Catholic Ideal of Life; Catholic Education; The Labor Problem; The Church and Rural Problems; Elements of American Democracy; The Boy Problem; Girls' Welfare; Women in Industry; Social Service; Immigration; Health Education; and The Mass. In addition to these there are in preparation outlines on Eugenics, Marriage, Education Legislation, The Religious Persecution in Mexico, and Current Catholic Writers.

The use of these outlines, while encouraging, has not been so widespread nor so successful as one would hope it might have been. This is rather from the comparative newness of the idea and from a lack of technique, if we may so call it, in organizing and running a study club, than from a lack of enthusiasm on the part of our people. At the recent convention of the National Council of Catholic Women in Washington, D. C., this writer had the pleasure of hearing a very fruitful discussion on the question, which certainly showed no lack of a thorough understanding of

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the problem. The difficulties of organization were laid bare, and many views were put forth as to how to overcome them. Most of these difficulties arose from lack of experience, from an attempt to undertake too much in a season's study, from the selection of too many subjects to please the various tastes within the club, and from the unwieldiness in numbers of the club itself.

The purpose of a study club outline, as of any other curriculum, is to prevent, as much as possible, a leakage of energy and time. This is achieved by a careful selection, undertaken by those experienced in teaching and lecturing, of courses of reading, topics for discussion and reference. There are always temptations to roam afield, and where a study has been reduced to its simplest terms because of the very purpose it is to achieve among those who have read little and who have scant time to devote to cultural subjects, there is no room for excursions. A selected outline must be strictly adhered to. A more orderly knowledge will result thereby, and additional viewpoints will logically arise which may take expression in short papers and discussions.

As a rule one subject is sufficient for a season, which covers usually about six months. A variety of topics is apt to be confusing, and should be selected only where the number of students is large enough to permit of division into two or more clubs. In the selection of a subject, too much leeway cannot be given in the matter of individual tastes. The studies appropriate for Catholic study clubs, if they are to achieve their end, are limited. Patience is required in attaining knowledge, and the desire for variety will have better results if extended over several seasons. Simple as those studies may be, they have a serious purpose, and a Catholic should be glad to spend some time acquiring a practical knowledge of the relations between his religion and his everyday life.

To attain the best results, the membership of a study club should be as small as possible. It ought not to consist of more than twelve or fifteen. Where there is a larger number in one parish or neighborhood, it should be divided into several units. In this case, various subjects may be selected for each unit, and the selection may be such that the studies have some relation to each other, and may lead to interesting discussion between the groups. For example, The Christian Family, Religion, and Eugenics might be a suitable selection for thirty persons in three groups; or Immigration, Elements of American Democracy, and the Boy Problem, or Girls' Welfare would make another suitable group study. Others might be Social Service, The Labor Problem, Women in Industry, and The Church and Rural Problems; or Catholic Education and Education Legislation.

Selection of subjects should also be made with some reference to regional problems. Religious subjects, and studies such as the Elements of American Democracy, The Christian Family, and Social Service are of wider interest. In our large towns and cities, The Labor Problem, Women in Industry, The Boy Problem, Girls' Welfare, Immigration, and Eugenics, will have special application. A knowledge of The Church and Rural Problems will have particular interest in the agricultural states of the South and West. A very practical method of procedure, and one which is likely to have most constructive results, is for a study club to inform itself thoroughly on the particular problems of its own community. When this has been accomplished, the knowledge acquired may then be extended and enriched by selecting from the list of subjects that study which has a special reference to the problem under examination. This method will not only better inform people of their community interests and possibly lead to desired reforms, but it will give them a proper perspective on those interests and on the best way of furthering them to the benefit of Catholic and national life.

To illustrate this, local data may be gathered on the different kinds of labor, skilled, semi-skilled and common; the rates of wages and the standards of family life in each class; the condition of working women in the locality, with its effect on the well-being of their children and the size of their families; the kind of homes occupied, the rents, and the proportion of workers owning their homes; provisions for accidents, sickness and unemployment. These investigations may begin with the members of the club themselves and then extend to the whole community. Later a general study may be taken up on the Labor Problem outline.

A similar method may be followed in rural districts leading to the appropriate study club outline. The local conditions respecting boys may be studied, beginning with the families of the club students: What number attend parochial schools, public schools, evening classes, if such are available? What facilities for recreation are open to them? Are there any boys' clubs? Do the Catholic boys attending public school have sufficient facilities and encouragement to attend Sunday school, the sacraments and church organizations? How many reach high school or college? The same investigation may be made for girls. Then will be taken up the general study of the outlines on the Boy Problem, Girls' Welfare, and Social Service.

Another local study of immense value would be a survey of the various nationalities in the community, an understanding of their viewpoint or difficulties of assimilation. Then application to the Elements of American Democracy, and the outline on Immigration will indicate how such difficulties may be overcome. These, in turn, will bring an interest in the foreign conditions under which these people have lived, and will result in a better understanding of international relations for those who wish to extend their study along this line.

The number of members in a study club will have a direct influence in the effectiveness of the results. It is advisable for all members to be participants in the

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discussions and not merely listeners, and in a large crowd the thoughtful but shy student is inclined to remain in the background. One of the purposes of a study club is to encourage expression of ideas and not merely the absorption of information. It is the active participation of each individual of the group that differentiates this method of imparting knowledge from that of a series of lectures. It stands to reason, then, that in groups of twelve or so, the best results are likely to be obtained. There is more likelihood of new leaders coming to the fore, and the element of leadership, as no one, I think, will dream of denying, is one of the most essential factors in this whole movement for popular education.

It is a matter of experience that leadership devolves upon a comparative few. When we speak of leaders we do not mean those who indulge a furor loquendi, but those who instruct and encourage and gradually bring to the front the less informed and less confident. Knowledge is power. It is also an invaluable heritage to pass to others. It ought, therefore, to be a pleasurable duty for our Catholic men and women leaders, who willingly give their time and energies toward the various Catholic societies to take under serious consideration a regular campaign to inaugurate study clubs in every parish throughout the country. Every Knights of Columbus council, every Holy Name Society, every division of the A. O. H. and every other Catholic organization should have a study club as one of its normal activities.

Our Catholic press can also render invaluable aid in showing our people the urgent necessity for them to have an accurate knowledge of their religion and its every-day application. The words of the bishops' pastoral may be applied as readily to the study club as to the Catholic press itself: "It enables our people to look at current events and problems in the light of the experience which the Church has gathered through the centuries and it points the surest way to a solution that will advance our common interests."

A. E. TALKS OF IRISH LETTERS

By THOMAS HEALY

I DROPPED in to see A. E. in very sudden and nondescript manner, which is not at all the proper way to do it, because he is a very busy man and not much given to receiving casual visitors. And what if one should disturb him when he is communing with the Dagda Mor or listening to the songs of the Three Waves of Erin!

However, spending a day in Dublin on my way to the wild Kingdom of Kerry, I found myself standing in front of 84 Merrion Square. On the frontispiece above the door I saw the famous inscription, Plunkett House. A knock, and the door opened upon a large dim hallway. . . . Yes, Mr. Russell would see me. I walked up four flights of pierced panel staircase and knocked, as I was directed, on a very small door on the right that reminded me for all the world of an entrance to the tombs of the Tuatha De Danaans. I listened and from the innermost recesses of somewhere a voice said, "Come in." The next moment I found myself face to face with the gracious presence of A. E., poet, philosopher, agriculturist, editor, critic, economist, mystic, gentleman and guardian of the ancient glory of the Gael.

I was first conscious of a huge patriarchal beard, around which curled voluminous wreaths of blue smoke from a long pipe somewhere concealed in it—such a pipe as, say, a leprechaun would smoke. Then I was suddenly aware of a pair of deep brown eyes, which looked at me with enveloping gaze. I saw they were eyes which had in them the look of the kind and beautiful thoughts behind them, eyes filled with dignity and peace, and I immediately became at home.

The man himself stood over six feet, with a slight droop to his shoulders. Waving me to a chair in front of the fireplace, he sat down before his huge table on my right. I told him that I had but recently arrived from America and that I thought I would drop in to see him before I left for Dingletown in the nethermost part of Ireland.

"Ah, America," he said. "A wonderful country! Are you American by birth? I notice traces of three different accents in your voice—Irish, English and American."

"Yes," I replied, "Irish by birth, educated in Ireland, England and America."

"New York?" he said inquiringly. "And New Canaan?" He had received a letter that morning from a friend in New Canaan.

"What I wish now personally to tell you, Mr. Russell, is how much I have enjoyed your writings, your prose and your poetry. And please regard this brusque visit of mine, during your busiest period of the week, as perhaps a gesture of obeisance to an outstanding figure of the Celtic renascence."

"Yes, my dear boy," he said benignly. "But you must remember that many young Irishmen have themselves stood up in this room and have frankly told me that I am a 'has-been.' And I must admire them for it."

"In a sense it's true, Mr. Russell. It would seem that you are lost forever in the bright cloud of your own making."

A quick smile passed over his face, quick as the swift shining of a spear. He fondled his pipe and regarded me. For a moment we were silent, while I marveled at the harmony of the man before me,

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the gentle urbanity of his manner, the grammatical precision of his utterance, even in spontaneous address, and the delightfulness of his pure Dublin accent, which I regret I cannot convey here.

"Mr. Russell," I broke in. "I want to ask you a much-discussed question. When did the Celtic renascence really begin and with whom?"

"Celtic literary interpretation began with James Clarence Mangan. In him will you find the first real echoes of a former glory. But it may be said also that it began with Standish O'Grady, when he wrote his bardic history of Ireland, opening up before us a new vista of epic beauty. Then came Hyde with his love songs of Connacht. Then followed Yeats, Synge and Lady Gregory, all of whom seemed to have caught the contact with the Gaelic tradition. Then came others, Colum, Stephens, Clark. . . ."

"What is the value of this former glory, you speak of—the past, the legendary past of Ireland, as applied to current literature?"

"All great literature requires what you might call a marriage of the cultures. It is a crossing of the currents of thought and expression. Today we are still coming upon traces of French and Russian culture in the masterpieces of the renaissance. In the case you speak of, it constitutes a wedding of the modern and the antique minds."

"But what will it amount to? I mean what influence will the Gaelic tradition have upon literature?"

"That's rather vague, and difficult to answer. You see, in literature as in nature there is a law of action and reaction. Twenty-five years ago Irish literature was the most idealistic and romantic in Europe. Today it is the most intensely realistic in Europe, because our writers are the most intense realists in Europe."

"Will there not be a reaction against this intense realism in Irish literature?"

"Yes. I predict that the next phase of our literature will be intellectual, philosophic if you will, with more of a meditative calm. It will have undoubtedly an intellectual quality."

"It will make for finer literature?"

"Yes. It is quite possible that Irish literature of tomorrow will take on a humanity wider, deeper and richer than that of any other literature; it is possible that it will assume a broader sweep and more majestic movement of humanity than that of any literature in the world before it."

"This would mean," A. E. continued, "what we may again call a wedding of Irish culture with world culture and Irish literature will deal more with world culture. It will, in a sense, get away from itself; and while remaining as essentially Gaelic as before, will then have a wider appeal because of a broader humanity. Ireland will thus stretch forth into other lands."

"And do you not think, Mr. Russell," I asked, "that Celtic mythology, this rich legendary mine, is yet very far from being exhausted?"

"Yes. And you must also remember that our Celtic mythology has one distinctive advantage. It still exists in its primal beauty. Now the Grecian mythology is beautiful; but it has been refined through the ages into its present form. Ours is still extant in its virgin beauty and is virile and vigorous. And I might add that herein lies a lack in English literature, that is English literature strictly speaking, not Anglo-Irish literature. England has no mythology, no national heritage such as we have. John Milton found nothing in his own land and was forced to release his genius in the Jewish tradition. Likewise Keats went far afield, to Greece, for his inspiration. Here in Ireland we have our own."

"Do you not think that Celtic mythology is more beautiful than any—that is, judging from the standpoint of sheer poetry?"

"That is a matter of opinion. It is beautiful. Take, for example, the description of Etain washing her hands in the forest stream—do you remember? Nothing more beautiful has ever been written."

Then he paused while he lighted his pipe and I another cigarette from the box he had placed at my elbow. We next drifted into speaking of the personalities of the Irish writers; and A. E. recounted for upward of an hour amusing anecdotes of Moore, Joyce, O'Casey, O'Flaherty and others.

"Interesting," I commented, "each of them seems to be a character in himself."

"Yes," he replied, "indeed, as George Moore once remarked to me, everybody in Ireland is a character. And every Irish writer is assuredly an individualist in himself."

"Since every Irishman is himself an individualist?"

"Yes, the striking thing about our Irish writers is personality. In England we find infinitely less of that personality; we look in vain for it among English writers. In truth, personal character seems to have gone out of English literature."

I asked him to speak a little, if he would, of William Butler Yeats.

"Mr. Yeats," said A. E., "belongs to what we call 'the literature of dream.' For example," he continued—and he began to recite from memory an example of 'the literature of dream.' Never shall I forget his voice as the words rose and fell from his lips with an old and lovely strangeness giving me what I had not heard before, the essential music of the poem itself:

Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?
For these red lips, with all their mournful pride,
Mournful that no new wonder may betide,
Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam,
And Usna's children died.

We and the laboring world are passing by:
Amid men's souls, that waver and give place
Like the pale waters in their wintry race,
Under the passing stars, foam of the sky,
Lives on this lonely face.

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Bow down, archangels, in your dim abode:
Before you were, or any hearts to beat,
Weary and kind one lingered by His seat;
He made the world to be a grassy road
Before her wandering feet.

He stopped. I found myself thinking of Deirdre and the splendor of the spears.

"That is an example of the literature of dream," he said. "Now I shall read you a sample of the poetry some of our younger poets are writing today. It is a stanza from Three Old Brothers, by a promising young poet, Frank O'Connor."

. . . And Blind Tom says,
I knew a man
A girl refused for lover
Worked in America forty years
And heaped copper on copper,
And came back all across the foam
Dressed in his silks and satins,
And watched for her from dawn to dark
And from compline to matins,
And when she passed him in her shawl
He cracked his sides for laughing,
And went back happy to the West
And heeded no man's scoffing. . . .

This sounded like quite a departure from the literature of dream. From O'Connor, O'Higgins, and other young Irish poets, who, under his encouragement, have girded their loins and are singing boldly, A. E. expects much in the future. The columns of his magazine, the Irish Statesman, are always open to worthy contributions from their pens.

A. E. himself spends most of his time in Dublin, save for a vacation every summer in the west, Galway and Mayo. Indeed, he has been away from Ireland only for a period of five weeks altogether, spending them in Paris and London. The clatter and noise of large cities disturb him. One feels that he is happier in his own country, where the flower of his genius has grown, where he may walk and whisper with the earth gods and listen humbly to the voices of the hills and the rivers, speaking to him not of themselves but of the spirit of beauty that moves the worlds.

THE LEGION GOES HOME

By MARK O. SHRIVER

THE second American Expeditionary Force, like the first, has passed into history, and, like the first, it marked an epoch in the existence of two nations. The Paris dailies spoke of the gathering as the return of men to the place of their birth, and so it was, for the Legion was born in Paris. It was a return which found reinvigorated and reinforced that friendship which France has preserved through all the passing years. The Stars and Stripes truly said that it had increased and deepened America's love for France, and had aroused, at the same time, a stronger loyalty to our own country, a greater devotion to the Legion and its principles—the inculcation of a sense of individual responsibility and obligation to one's community and nation, the promotion and preservation of peace and good will throughout the world. Those things were the chief result of the pilgrimage of the veterans of a great war.

There was no more noticeable feature than the exemplary behavior of the legionnaires. Not only was there an entire absence of the disorders and tumult which so many feared might disturb our cordial Franco-American relations, but the traditional friendship has been so strengthened that it will be difficult for any future contingency to disrupt it. Nothing could have been more whole-souled and cordial than the reception by the French people, nothing more pleasing than their treatment of their visitors could have been wished for. An example came on a raw and rainy morning when a thousand Pennsylvanians landed at Le Havre and were addressed by the mayor at six o'clock in the morning as they waited to board a special train for Paris. On every side, in every section of the country, the people turned out eagerly to cheer and welcome the legionnaires, whose conduct in France testified more strongly to their appreciation of it all than the empty phrases of an essayist can possibly convey.

It was no vainglorious or boastful gathering, that pilgrimage. Rather was the underlying spirit one of humility and of gratitude that, in the end, success had been theirs, and that those who had had a part in bringing about the ultimate victory should have been allowed to return once more to meet again their comrades of that war. They came, as General Pershing said, messengers bringing the friendship of America across the seas, and they were received with a great joy and acclaimed with an emotion which was obviously unaffected and deep.

The big parade on Monday, the opening day, was a revelation of what was soon to come. Starting from the foot of the Washington statue in the Place d' Iéna and passing through the great arch went a seemingly endless line of American veterans to lay flowers of red and white and blue on the tomb of that Frenchman who gave all that he had for France and the peace of the world, and whose name is known to God alone. There were men from North, South, East and West, from every state of the union, from foreign lands, marching between banked masses of the French who lined the way from start to finish over every foot of a route fully five miles long. With the marchers

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went units from the French military societies, the blessés, the lame, the halt and the blind hobbling and struggling as best they could to keep abreast of the vigorous, active men who had crossed the ocean in France's hour of darkness. It was inspiring. It was ennobling.

Following the gay hussars with shining horns and helmets came men from Florida gaily bedecked, their splendid bands crashing out the military music familiar to every American ear, and after them the several units in the order of increase of Legion membership. With each went a French officer, a decorated veteran, as guide and special guard of honor, while solid lines of French infantry, clad in the faded horizon-blue of the poilu, guarded the entire route with fixed bayonets. At every step cheers and applause came from the civilian onlookers who crowded the line of march. "Vive l'Amerique!" rose in constantly increasing volume to thrill the hearts of those who could see and hear and have a little part in this strange series of events—things never heard or seen before. In all history there is no parallel for it, 20,000 veterans returning after the lapse of years to the battle-fields, to celebrate their participation in a great war, not to call attention to their share in the victory. There was none of the vaunting "who won the war," but as friends and allies, as men who, associated in one grand enterprise with a common end, had shed their blood together, they marched through those Paris streets, and loud and clear came the answer from the American throats "Vive la France!" It was a cry that came from their hearts, and it was that fine ideal of association and union that did so much to make the convention a success and draw close to one another the two great republics of the world, making them one in feeling and in soul. There was the common rejoicing in the hard-won victory, and there was due recognition, unmarred by any tendency to assert invidious comparisons, of the part that each had played.

It was not all confined to Paris, it was manifested in every section of the land. Around Verdun and through all the Meuse-Argonne placards gleamed on every wall and post. "Meusiens," they proclaimed, "Here are our brothers in arms, the Americans. Crossing vast territories and that immense ocean where Nungesser and Coli sleep, 23,000 legionnaires with 8,000 of their friends come to the soil of France. Welcome them." The response was more than generous.

Back to the rest areas and all the old Service of Supply went thousands of men with their auxiliaries, wives, mothers and sisters to revisit the villages and to renew the old associations with the people. Old and young, the new generation grown since the war with the rest, joined in a hearty welcome to the men of alien tongue and race who were and are, withal, allies, associates and friends. It was a great day for the villages when les Americains came back, and it was quite as great for those who returned, to leave so soon with memories strengthened and refreshed for many years to come.

This year, as in 1918, the men were accompanied by their welfare organization, the Red Cross, the Salvation Army and the Knights of Columbus; and, as during the war, the "Sallies" had doughnuts in plenty and steaming, honest-to-goodness American coffee. Day after day in the hut along Cours la Reine long lines waited patiently for the reminders of 1918 and that land across the sea, called, strangely enough, even in this era of federalism, the States. Day after day men and women thronged the low, rambling shack and packed its seven rooms in search of creature comforts that had brought such solace in days long past. Perhaps of all that work there the most noticeable was done by the Knights, the "Caseys" who kept coming, as they had always done, and who continued, in line with their splendid war slogan, to make everybody welcome and to offer everything free.

When preliminary arrangements were being discussed, the selection of the particular work to be done was difficult for it was hard to know just what thing would appeal most strongly to veterans on a Paris holiday. However, the final decision, as the results showed, was a wise one. Under the leadership of Edward L. Hearn, the war-time Commissioner, and since then for many years, organizer and director of the K of C work in Rome—perhaps the most useful American citizen resident in Europe—thirty-four secretaries spent a week passing out the old, familiar cigarettes, to which was added, for variety, a generous allotment of soft drinks—ginger ales, lemonades and carbonated waters. Writing desks were provided reaching the full length of a room, and they were in constant use from the beginning of one day to its close. Five and six men, working hard, were unable to keep the racks filled with cards for all who came to send their messages home with the greetings and the compliments of the Knights. And when the cards had been written and addressed, other secretaries gathered them into the mailing department and stamped them with the red or blue Legion stamps issued to commemorate the great events. More than once, available supplies of the new stamps were exhausted at the nearby bureaux des postes, and hurry calls went out to the hotels and banks and other sources of supply. Everybody was welcome, and it was all free, else it would not have been the same old K of C that won the soldier heart. Mailings were not confined to the cards issued at the hut; many who had bought special cards brought them in, and there, with many thousands of letters and newspapers and parcels, they were dropped into the gaping boxes to be sent westward in bundles and bales to the homes behind the setting sun.

When the final results were tabulated, more than 1,195,000 cigarettes, a full half-ton of a popular pipe tobacco, 420,000 postals, 327,000 bars of soap, thousands of French-English conversation books and some 30,000 bottles of soft drinks had passed across the

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counters. Postage totaled the amazing figure of 450,000 francs, for the work in Paris is not all the story of what the Knights did. Secretaries were placed in each of the cemeteries, and there, too, picture cards and those of especial shrines were given out, stamped, and mailed from a little local post-office in a neighboring town to those who could not come themselves to see the graves of the deathless American dead.

All France was in holiday attire. However, the decorations, the lights, the colors floating once more side by side from the same staff, the holiday spirit and the general carnival were only surface indications of the thing that lay beneath. Brilliant and exciting though these aspects were in themselves, their chief function was to testify to something else—to the abiding love of two great peoples one for another, peoples bound together by tradition and by love for right and justice, in friendship that shall endure for all time.

Memorialization

Pour, Thou, over me,
  Searing-hot,
The steel that shall make me
  What I am not.

Be Thou the sculptor
  To pattern and mold me
A figure for Love's
  Great arms to enfold me.

With the strength of the smithy,
  Hammer me down
To the height of a man
  To proud for renown.

Mystically touch me
  With the brush of an art,
Unknown to the mind,
  But a friend of the heart.

Go up, and go under,
  Like a pitiless prod,
For I would feel wonder
  And Thy glory, God.

Sprinkle my thought
  With a hyssop of flame,
For I would be singer
  Of Thy holy Name.

Lord, breathe into me
  Steady and long,
A wind sweet with cinnamon
  Of sacred song.

Be Thou the prompter,
  Then, true to my trust,
My life shall be music
  For Thee from the dust!

J. Corson Miller.

THE NEW SORCERERS

By JULES-BOIS

THE American press recently carried a fairly full report of the congress for Psychical Research held in Paris. Nevertheless the opinion of a witness, who was himself a student of such matters for years, may not be without its value. The old Sorbonne, which, as Dr. Charles Richet, the initiator of the congress, did not fail to remind us, once burned Saint Joan of Arc, has worked poetic justice by welcoming and even fêting these unlooked-for conferees. In many cases these up-to-date sorcerers came from far countries, and were decorated with numerous scientific degrees. To hear what they had to say, a Parisian and cosmopolitan public packed the Richelieu and Descartes amphitheatres morning and afternoon.

It was a spectacle not without its amusing side to see exploits which in another day would have been considered as matters for the criminal court elucidated in cold blood upon the blackboard or even the moving picture screen. Certain testimony appeared rather futile than instructive. From a priest who discreetly followed the sessions I took the opportunity to ask an opinion of the whole affair. "The Church," he answered me, "shows every respect for conscientious scientific work, always provided that hasty conclusions are not drawn from it, which are often unwarranted. For the moment the phenomena which are labeled 'metapsychical' appear too confused and too poorly verified for theology to take serious account of them. Before it pronounces its word, let us wait for them to take substantial form and for some general law to be deduced."

To me, personally, these investigations, which might be called dazzling rather than illuminating, brought back my own restless youth, hot upon the track of clues, which were fated to lead me far beyond the mirages which intoxicated it then. While these newcomers were speaking I made a mental roll-call of the dead who had fallen on this battle-ground of unknown forces. I knew practically all of them—William Crookes, whom Florence Cook succeeded in mystifying, and who believed he had in his home for many months the authentic spirit of Katie King; Aksakoff, who had an excellent excuse for being the prey of skilful imposters, for he was quite blind; Charcot, who always, like myself, despised mere spiritism, but who exhibited for us at the Salpetrière the acrobatic antics of the hysteric; Baraduc, who believed he could photograph states of mind and thought; Myers, Gurney and Podmore, the promoters of telepathy; Maxwell, the lawyer from Bordeaux, always on the hunt for haunted houses; Colonel de Rochas, reproducing the feats of mediaeval sorcery at the École Polytechnique; and finally, Camille Flammarion, the astronomer, for whom the supreme planet was the soul of the dead. From that distant and heroic epoch there survives only Dr. Charles Richet, with whom,

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following in the trail of Aristotle, we coined the word "metapsychical" to designate a field of research without any pedigree of its own.

Among Americans at the congress were to be noticed Mr. Malcolm Bird, research officer of the American Society for Psychical Research, who read a paper upon the famous medium Margery, and Dr. Walter Franklin Pierce, formerly secretary of the Society in New York, who has founded a similar association in Boston, and who uses the evocation of alleged spirits in the cure of paranoia. Mr. Hereward Carrington contented himself by sending a communication and his astral body to the congress. Discussions initiated by the German delegates occupied several sessions. This school seems to be the last to cling to material manifestations. The Latins, on the other hand, are now mostly interested in electro-magnetic waves, correlated with certain mysterious phenomena of the human brain. The French delegates, with Dr. Osty, organizer of the congress and director of the Metapsychical Institute, as their spokesman, insisted on the reality of premonitions and mental inter-communication at a distance. A report on certain experiences of voluntary telepathy between stations at New York and Paris aroused lively interest, though the results seemed comparatively trivial and confused when read before the Congress.

Sir Oliver Lodge, always to be listened to with respect when he treats of the physical sciences of which he is so authentic a master, continues his adventures in the whimsies of the new spiritualism. He forwarded an extraordinary communication upon a method of fabricating cosmic envelopes for the use of vagrant "spirits." Despite continual proofs of trickery, this obstinate and credulous scientist still believes in "materialization." Instead of having recourse to mediums to furnish, as he puts it, the prime matter for material phantoms out of their own ethereal bodies, he now proposes to extract from the ether itself the necessary elements for the incarnation of his spectres. Evidently we are on the eve of psychical factories, where atoms will be treated in order to provide a vesture for spirits in search of a fleshly clothing.

Apart from certain eccentricities of this description, common-sense played a larger part in this congress of thaumaturgists than in any previously held. Thanks, I presume, to Dr. Osty, who gave the proceedings their keynote, ectoplasm and materialization were kept in the background. Warned, perhaps, by certain experiences of his predecessor at the Institute, Dr. Geley, with the "red lamp school" of magic, Dr. Osty courageously kept order among the more adventurous element in the realm of mystery. Recently two or three of these have been caught by him "in flagrante delicto," and we may take it that the exploiters of the spirit mania for industrial reasons are not likely to tempt a repetition of their experiences. I have never seen a congress of this nature so little haunted by the professional necromancer and crystal-gazer.

In short, it seems to me—and I congratulate him on the fact—that the tendency of Dr. Osty, while granting the new "metapsychical" science a place of its own, is to include it in general psychology. That it had gone very far astray and entered a field not far removed from entertainment and legerdemain is undeniable. Let us hope that, in following its present evolution, it will cease to be a species of monstrosity, twin-brother to the sea serpent or hundred-armed Briareus. By offering it hospitality, official psychology will gain rather than lose. Our academic studies in the field have need of extension and progression and the scientific mind can be trusted to differentiate between authentic discovery and mere conjecture, with whatever brilliance and plausibility the latter may upon occasion recommend itself.

My own conclusions might be formulated in the following terms. Our generation is intoxicated with mechanical and material progress. Its senses are growing stronger and more acute. By means of the microscope and telescope, its eyes are in touch with two infinities—the infinitely small and the infinitely great. With our fast-steaming turbine liners, our express trains, our aeroplanes, we have surpassed the magic mantle of Dr. Faustus or the seven-league boots of our childhood stories. Radio carries and diffuses the human voice from continent to continent. Our long-range guns slay with the invisibility of some evil genius. Even the visual image is being sent on its travels. And the atom has lost its secrets.

But to what end will all these discoveries, and many another, serve, if we do not thereby become better and wiser? Our body has grown. But our soul, so long as we refuse it to God, remains small, miserable and hidebound. No psychical teratology will regain for it the lamp and the wings of the legendary Psyche. Let our researches be directed not toward what is bizarre and monstrous, but toward what is normal and beneficent.

Our study and imitation of great men, of geniuses, inventors, saints and heroes, will reap a very different harvest for us than is to be gleaned from concentration upon the medium, the hysteric, the sleep-walker and the thought-reader. When we have done questioning and torturing the subconscious element in ourselves to discover whence these automatic and uncouth phenomena derive, let us turn to the superconscious, the masterpiece of our own conscience, whence the divine afflatus and veritable power reach us and make the spiritual life of man. A power which can be relied on to regenerate and cure is surely something finer than contraband prodigies . . . To the vain and futile manifestation of the pythoness up to date, let us oppose the "genius" of a Socrates—the "voices" of a Joan of Arc. One created philosophy—the others saved a country and changed the face of Europe and the world.

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KATHLEEN—AND JOAN

By EDITH WAIT-COLSON

MINE is a true story of a Protestant girl's love for a Catholic saint, of her firm belief that Joan of Arc's spirit was watching over her through years of invalidism.

When Kathleen was born, she was apparently a good-natured, healthy baby, of such a happy disposition that it was a pleasure to care for her. But before she was two years of age, she began to have those terrible convulsions which strike terror to a mother's heart. At first we supposed they might be due to some childish disorder which she would outgrow, but as they became more frequent in spite of our doctoring, we took her to a specialist who said he thought they were epileptic, and that, if they were, there was no help for her. Today, of course, there would have been an X-ray examination, and possibly the discovery of the specific cause of the malady.

When the doctor's verdict was given, she was too young to understand. As the years passed, however, and she realized that she could never attend school, never go out with her playmates away from her mother, disappointment and sorrow came to her. I have seen the tears roll silently down her cheeks when children would come in and talk about their school work; she wanted so much to be with them. But she hardly ever complained—was always cheerful and brave.

She learned to read and write understandingly and well. She read many books, and instinctively had a sense of what is best in literature, music and art. And of all the characters and personages about whom she read, Joan of Arc stood out preëminent above the rest. She read the history of her life from beginning to end. She pondered over it. This Joan of Arc, of about her own age, who had heard the voices and answered the call of duty, who had braved so much to save her country, and then had been burned at the stake—it was an appealing story to the suffering girl. She never tired of reading or talking about Joan of Arc.

When the war broke out Kathleen was growing worse. Her aunt sent her at that time a large war poster of Joan of Arc in armor, with sword in hand. It was put up on the wall in front of her bed where she could see it constantly, and and it was a great comfort as well as company for her in her lonely hours. I have seen her, when she felt the dreaded convulsions coming on, place her hand on the history of Joan of Arc (which she kept near her on the bed) and look up at the picture for strength.

One morning several months before she died she said to me, "I saw Joan of Arc last night in a vision. She came to me in a daisy field, put her arm around me and said, 'Sleep, and I will guard thee.'"

She had ten more visions of which she told me, and always the Maid of Orleans was watching over and guarding her. She firmly believed that Jesus, the Good Shepherd, carrying the lamb in his arms (the picture, too, hung beside her bed) and her loved Joan of Arc, would some day make her well. And so she lived on from day to day, patient, uncomplaining, hopeful of being like other girls, to the end.

Toward the last, there were nights when her thin, pain-racked body could not quiet down in sleep. Perhaps at midnight or later, as I was just dropping off to sleep after a very hard day's work, she would say,

"I can't go to sleep. Will you play Joan of Arc for me on my victrola? Then perhaps I can."

So I would get up, bring her small victrola into the dining-room, and play the song that became so popular during the war. Over and over again I would play it until she fell asleep.

I marvel more and more at her wonderful patience and serenity in the midst of such terrible sufferings and deprivations. Each day she faced life with a smile. Her last thought was of her mother, her last spoken words were to ask why there were tears in her mother's eyes.

In looking over her many scrap-books and treasures after God called her home, I found bits of poetry I never knew she had written, among them these lines concerning her loved Joan of Arc:

Lines About Saint Joan of Arc, the Rainbow Girl

Through the long night watches
May my angel spread
Her white wings above me,
Watching 'round my bed.

Then, apparently feeling that we might doubt her visions she wrote below:

"From the first night the Rainbow Girl with a bright light over her head has been guarding me with her sword all the time."

What a comfort those visions must have been to her! On another slip of paper she wrote:

"My dream of Saint Joan of Arc is true. One night not long ago I saw somebody with her arms over me, and I said, 'It is the dear girl who won the victory for France, and saved her country.'"

It is very evident to me that her faith in Joan of Arc had a soothing influence over her, giving her strength and courage to bear daily the sufferings which lasted for twenty-three years. I remember it was while she was confined to her bed that I told her I had just read about Joan of Arc being canonized as a saint by the Catholic Church. I can see now the smile that lit up her countenance at the news.

It is my firm belief that she had those visions; that they were sent for her good. I like to think, also, that somewhere near the golden gates, as they opened for her, her loved Joan of Arc stood with a smile of welcome.

The Lost Summer

These have I lost—June's tender stars,
The gentle little sheep that stray
And crop behind celestial bars
The clover of the Milky Way!
And these I can no longer find—
A field where miracles occur,
A drift of daisies through my mind,
The sun as prickly as a burr,
And afternoons so shining-long
Night seems dispelled by some strange art:
The birds fatigue themselves with song,
And daylight lingers in the heart. . . .

Now there is left to me no more
The youth that springs with softer climes.
The cold knocks rudely at my door
In these discourteous times.
And gray-faced morning greets my bed
And brings me nothing I have lost,
But to my hair a silver thread
To show me there has been a frost.

AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL.

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COMMUNICATIONS

MR. COLUM ON ROUND TOWERS

Catskill, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of October 12, Mr. Padraic Colum makes the assertion that the celebrated round towers of Ireland have been associated with the early saints of Ireland; and, though the statement refers to the round tower on Iniscealtra, an island on the Shannon, yet the idea conveyed is no doubt that given by the Anglo-Irish antiquarians whose writings have been in line with the claim that England has ever made concerning the civilization of the ancient Irish people. Their policy has been invariably to justify their invasion, in later times, of a highly civilized country on the grounds that the people were barbarous.

I am sorry to find that Mr. Colum has fallen into the Anglo-Irish trap on this question. I have been very much interested in Irish antiquities for nigh forty years; have "burned the midnight oil" year after year studying over the interesting disclosures which Irish antiquity furnishes, and the study of the round towers has been a most interesting one to me. I find no justification for claiming that the towers are of Christian origin. Anything of credit to ancient Ireland is generally claimed to be from some nebulous foreign source by the Anglo-Irish. This is the policy which has been pursued for years, much of which has been punctured by Professor Eugene O'Curry, M.R.I.A., in his wonderful and painstaking lectures before the Royal Irish Academy in the middle of the last century. There is not the slightest evidence that the early Christians of Ireland had anything to do with the building of those towers. The fact that a little church may be found near some of them counts for nothing, as it was the practice, and very expedient, too, that the Christian place of worship should be built near the old place of worship of the pagans. We see many such instances in Rome itself. In 1172, Geraldus Cambrensis mentions their unknown age. The Four Masters give no data concerning any one of them, while they carefully noted the building of some small churches. The material and construction of the towers give evidence of entirely different origin; they are far more solidly built and outlive the churches near them.

The Anglo-Irish claim that the towers were built for Christian purposes is nothing short of silly. Some make the claim that they were erected for watch towers; some of the towers are in deep valleys, which does away with that claim. Others say they were used to hold the sacred Christian vessels in case of invasion by the Danes; others, again, that they were used as a place of refuge from the northern barbarians; or that they were used as bell-towers. Each one of these suppositions vanishes into very thin air upon analysis. The enemy would find no difficulty in smoking out or starving out the refugees; then they would have no difficulty in getting at the sacred vessels; and the people who were so far advanced in the science of building as the men who built the round towers, were capable of building more secure and common-sense places of refuge in such instances. As to the claim that they were bell-towers, it is easily demolished by the fact that there is no evidence that a bell was ever placed in one of them, except, mayhap, that in Christian times (but long after the time of Saint Patrick) the towers may have been used in some instances for that purpose, as we find that many relics of the past have been used for modern purposes. Saint Patrick's bell was used only for the services of the Mass. Bells in Ireland in early Christian times were confined to the same use, though I have read in the remarks of a very eminent Irishman that the bell of Saint Patrick was used to call the people to church—a little bell seven inches high, made of iron, at that. When one considers that even at this present time in Ireland, the sound of a bell must reach a long distance to call the people from the country, surely the bell that would answer for those times, to reach a pastoral people, must have been much larger than any we know of as existing in early Christian days in Ireland. Again, the tops of the towers are generally capped conically with four small windows, and were likely to stifle sounds coming from them.

Now the fact is that the pagan Irish adored the sun, moon and stars, and I don't think there is any question about that. Their religion was identical with that of Zoroaster, and, while we have no manuscripts of olden times to give us information on the uses of the towers, we know that at this time such towers exist in Persia and India; they are built almost exactly as the Irish, and we know that they have been used for adoration of the sun. On top, under the cone, the sacred fire is placed; the cone protects the fire from the rain; the openings give ventilation for the smoke. The people in Ireland came there to pray, and the early Christians found it necessary to build their little churches where the pagans had been used to adore their god. The same expediency was shown in the case of the sacred wells, wherein the people believed a god or goddess held sway. The Church turned this custom into a Christian one by making the stations or other devotion around such wells.

So determined have been the Anglo-Irish to discredit pagan Irish civilization that even Dr. Petrie declared that the Ogham form of writing found in the pagan cemeteries and elsewhere in Ireland was mere ornamentation, and never would be deciphered if meant for letters. However, he had hardly uttered the declaration when the Ogham characters (of pagan origin) were made known by Father Hogan of Blarney. While credit has been given Dr. Petrie for his part in Irish antiquarianism, the fact is that, before he had entered into the study, he asserted that his motive was to prove that the ancient Irish had no civilization. His declaration proved his unfitness for the task on account of that century-old prejudice permeating almost all of his kind against the native people. The subject of Irish antiquities has mostly been confined to persons of his class, though great credit must be given such men as General Charles Velancy, Sir William Betham, Charles Dalton, M.R.I.A., and Marcus Keane, M.R.I.A. Indeed the latter goes much further in allowing credit to the pagan Irish than any writer I know of; and I will admit that some of his theses are very extravagant.

A writer in a recent number of the National Geographical Magazine follows on the line of the Anglo-Irish pundits. He goes so far as to say that King Brian was mostly Norse; that he was a treacherous general because he trapped the Danes; that Cuchullain, the national hero of Ireland, was a Briton; also that the Scandinavian chroniclers were more truthful than the Irish monks; that in fact Ireland never had a civilization till she got it from Europe late in the Christian era; that every work of art found in Ireland was the work of some captured slaves. Yet the writer claims to be an Irishman.

REV. COLUMBANUS DWYER,
Saint Anthony's Seminary.

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MR. CHESTERTON'S LAPSE

Cincinnati, Ohio.

TO the Editor:—I was interested in the letter of Constance Hazel Daniel published in your issue of October 5, and, since The Commonweal graciously gave space to her plea for the proper capitalization of the word "Negro," I am here taking up the defense of the word itself.

These matters might seem trivial when viewed cursorily, but the consideration you accord them proves that you recognize their importance. In so doing, you support the fact that correct psychology takes account of the small influences which are as sure to tell on human beings, in the long run, as is the proverbial drop of water in wearing away the stone.

My protest is against the willing acceptance and the imitation of Mr. Chesterton's use of the word "Nigger" for "Negro," in that splendid book "The Everlasting Man." (By the way, he spells it with a small "n," while he carefully capitalizes his "Mongolian" and his "Japanese.") For his mistake, precisely because the book is fine and because the author is highly appreciated in our country, I am, like Constance Hazel Daniel, "sorry."

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Chesterton, who knows so many things, can be ignorant that the American use of the word "Nigger" always implies contempt. However I honestly believe that, in this instance, he is ignorant, or that, like the good Greek Homer, the Englishman for the moment nods. Either explanation seems more likely than that the usually fairminded and understanding Chesterton should of set purpose in serious writing use a word so insulting to the whole colored race. Here is the passage:

"One of the most charming versions of the myth concerning the separation of earth and sky was that of some savage niggers who say that a little pepper-plant grew taller and taller and lifted the whole sky like a lid." (Chapter IV, God and Comparative Religion, page 94.)

Am I not right in wishing that Mr. Chesterton, for his own sake, for the sake of his readers, and for the sake of the colored people, should amend his "Nigger" to "Negro"? Whether he does so or not, let me urge that all who see these lines scrupulously avoid his error.

HELEN HAWTHORNE.

ON KEEPING OUR HEROES ORTHODOX

Syracuse, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The readers of The Commonweal have, doubtless, passed upon the orthodoxy of Thomas Jefferson as an American hero, and determined whether or not, if living at this time, he would exert his influence to protect his countrymen from the curse of whisky-drinking, as he did 100 years ago. Therefore, with brief comment upon the last communication of Miss Lawler, I will close my side of the discussion.

I did not assert that the immigrants who come to the United States are hopelessly ignorant or lacking in thrift.

I confess I did not, and do not, know that the percentage of illiterates in the native-born population is greater than in the foreign-born. I am not endowed with the qualities ascribed by Mark Twain to one of his characters whom he pictured as knowing a lot of things that were not so. The United States census of 1920 gives the highest percentage of illiteracy among native-born white persons over twenty-one years of age as 3.2 percent, and the highest among foreign-born as 15.6 percent.

Of course the percentage of illiteracy of immigrants from those parts of Europe and the British Isles where "personal liberty" is curtailed to an extent that compels school attendance, is much less than among those from countries where school attendance is not enforced.

No statistics relating to relative criminality between natives and foreign-born are at hand, but one familiar with individual nomenclature need only read the calendars of our criminal courts to be convinced that the percentage of law-breakers among foreigners in the United States is very much higher than that of natives.

The danger of "harking back to the old blue laws" is not great, in view of the fact that the so-called blue laws never existed, as can be learned from the People's Encyclopedia of Universal Knowledge, John Fiske's history of the founding of the American Colonies, or any other authentic publication on the subject.

Those who seek to exploit our weaknesses for personal profit threaten us with a return to the mythical Blue Laws, as some parents seek to suppress the natural outbursts of their children by frightening them with a reference to the bogey man.

FRANK HOPKINS.

RECREATION FOR THE AFFLICTED

Somerville, Mass.

TO the Editor:—In providing means of recreation for the younger generation, in the acquisition of parks, playgrounds, etc., would it be inconsistent to suggest that an extreme personal interest be aroused, for the purpose of providing means of recreation and entertainment for the afflicted generally, and the blind particularly?

I realize that our institutions and places of rehabilitation of the world war veterans are performing meritorious service, but if provision could be made for a place of assembly for the blind and afflicted not already provided for, as above stated, where the radio could be listened to, entertainments arranged, lectures on interesting topics provided, and a talk covering current events given, it would be not only appreciated, but a demonstration of real charity that will bring its ultimate reward.

In many instances, the afflicted are left to their own diversion in securing means of recreation and social intercourse, which is very often in an environment not conducive to health or morals, so that, with the opportunity to enjoy reasonable means of recreation and social intercourse, it would create a renewed interest in life, and would prove beyond question philanthropy was a reality and not merely a figure of speech.

I do not believe the neglect of the blind or afflicted is intentional, as our people are at heart most kindly and charitably disposed, but it is rather from a failure to appreciate the misfortune of the afflicted and less fortunate in life.

WM. H. BASTION.

BELIEF IN VAMPIRISM

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—"In this connection it is meritorious to report that an industrious observer for the New York World has unearthed what looks like a case of belief in vampirism"—The Commonweal, October, 19, 1927.

Is it true that, on the contrary, the New York World was the only paper "to fall for" what was reported to be a press agent's yarn in behalf of the play Dracula?

ELMER KENYON,
President, Pittsburgh Centre of the Drama League of America.

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POEMS

Sanctuary

I kneel.
Dumb are my lips,
My sorrowing heart is numb.

Low-murmured absolutions gently fall
From out the curtained confessional.
In shadow, here and there, a worshiper
Bows down in prayer. No other stir
Of life in all the stillness. Tardy tears
Gush forth unheeded, while the barren years
Stretch comfortless and cold, unendingly.
The blood-red beacon beckons pityingly:
And now my own are clasped in healing Hands
Of One Who knows, and loves, and understands.

No words of prayer are come,
My lips are dumb.
I only kneel.

PATRICIA CROSBY

Mud Pies

One day I made a little cake
And put it in the sun to bake,
And when it seemed quite done to me
I called my nurse to come and see.
I told her it was gingerbread,
But Nursie only shook her head,
And didn't seem to understand,
And thought it was just mud and sand.
And Nursie said she wished I'd play
At something sensible, the way
When she was young, she used to do.
I wonder what it was, don't you?
So I must never, never make
Another little gingercake.
But afterwhile perhaps I'll try
And see if I can't make a pie.

MARY DIXON THAYER.

Poem to Be Carried as a Banner

There was a sunrise falling like red blood
  Over the bloodless city: for a space
Life filled it to the turrets, and it stood
  Bearing the warm red sunrise in its face:

Lifting its towers in a burning air
  Too breathless and too brilliant to last:
Strangely the flaming city kindled there
  Before the crimson interval was past:

And men and women, creeping through the red
  Of the marvelous city, could not quite deny
All day the life that startled them: they said
  Beautiful things, and wept, and wondered why.

DOROTHY E. REID.

Old Leaves in a Garden

Dark rains will come, and ringing cold and snow
To make them heavy. Who will ever know
They rode the sunlight of the upper air
And balanced on the breeze? And who will care,
Seeing them here, so damp, depressed and still,
That torches burned no brighter on the hill
Than these which ran like flames through windy trees?
Small pools of water stiffen now and freeze
Above their soggy veins.
  If nothing dies,
The vivid color that was their's may rise
Again in marigolds. But who can know
The secret current or its ebb and flow?
Identity is false. There are no leaves
Or flowers anywhere, and he who grieves
At death must laugh with God, once he is free
Of blindness, being brave enough to see
How life roars on, discarding what is old
To make a planet or a marigold.

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

Outdistanced

The cassock robing your sublimity,
The far-fixed, strange remoteness of your gaze—
Seal on detachment from our earthbound ways—
Stir challenge for the boy you were in me.
We watched you run with life so ardently
To meet the vast adventure of the days,
And hazard with such gallant hand youth's plays—
The high stake, pain; the prize, felicity.

But soon our farthest quest seemed cramped to you,
Explorer of infinity's unknown;
You found our loves and conquests just a clue
To ravishment in heart of God alone.
Bridge now our separation with a word
Of the unearthly mysteries you heard.

GRACE TURNER.

The Unknown

This man bears kindness in his eyes
  More than his tongue can say,
And this man's speech is calm and wise
  Like bells on holyday.

There is a peace where this man goes
  In street, or field, or wood;
Out of the depths of him it flows
  Wherever he has stood.

But who, on what fierce day behind,
  Hurt him the way they did?
He with the sword was kind, was kind—
And why should his face be hid?

JOSEPH FRANT-WALSH.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Porgy

THE Theatre Guild opened its fall season with a complete departure from all of its traditions. No members of the now famous "acting company" could be espied on the stage. Nor was the invisible hand of an old-line Guild director to be seen. Instead an expert group of Negro players filled the stage—a stage made vivid with the beauty of rags and tumult by Cleon Throckmorton's settings. And the story of Porgy the gambler, beggar, murderer and crippled knight-errant of Catfish Row was unfolded to the beat and direction of Rouben Mamoulian—an entire newcomer to New York in the magic of welding a play from a script and a score of almost unknown actors.

Mr. Mamoulian received, and deserved, a high and unusual tribute from many of the first-night critics. However much the character of Porgy himself may have dominated DuBose Heyward's book, the play achieves its drama from mass feeling and mob action. Porgy dwindles to the proportions of one instrument among many which carry the theme of Negro life in the crowded fishing tenements of Charleston, South Carolina. His simplicity, his frank rascality, his moments of grandeur, his confused vision of his limited universe—these all become in the play the summing-up of forces eddying about him, a reflection, too, and almost pale at times, of the whole passion of a race. Mr. Mamoulian has taken the play in exactly these terms and given it the heightened drama of a people rather than of persons. The result may be disappointing to those who wish to have reproduced in the theatre the precise emotions and relation of interests they gathered from the book. But to those catching their impressions fresh from the play—without preconceptions or elusive hopes—the Guild production will flash with the ardor and the sultry magnificence of folk melodrama.

Here and there the effort of the novelist and of his wife, Dorothy Heyward, who helped him with the dramatization, to retain the original personal strength of Porgy somewhat arrests the sweep of the folk drama. This is no perfect play—nor does it rise at all times above the level of a concrete realism which robs it of much of its epic importance. It often uses verbal "shockers" instead of more universal expressions of hate, love and despair. But these are the occasional faults of a work whose larger proportions have the dignity of eternal tragedy.

When Porgy was first being talked of as a possible play, I remember hearing discussions of the difficulty of assembling a competent Negro cast. One argument held that the emotional qualities of the Negro made him a born actor; another that these same qualities were very dangerous to a successful production, because of the fact that natural emotions often fail to carry across the footlights as well as competently simulated, or synthetic, emotions. Whatever the theoretical value of this latter argument, Mr. Mamoulian has shown that, with expert handling, the Negro can and does project the simpler human passions with astonishing directness and stark power. Porgy is an exceptionally well-acted play.

Rose MacClendon and Frank Wilson are, of course, both experienced artists. Much of the beauty of In Abraham's Bosom was due to their finely graded performances. Wilson now plays Porgy, lending to the part all the perception and understanding of a true creative talent. Miss MacClendon as the God-fearing Serena once more exhibits that fine restraint which first came to public notice in Deep River. Evelyn Ellis, who plays Crown's Bess, I do not recall having seen before. She raises her part to a level of considerable distinction, and the same is true of Jack Carter as Crown. This dark, hulking, heaven-defying figure creates many memorable moments in the theatre. The minor parts are all well taken, with a pleasing sincerity and simplicity and, when needed, with a rich sense of comedy.

The play is unpleasant in many details. It could hardly be otherwise, granted its material, unless a far greater skill were employed to give universal strength to local realism. But I feel sure that when all details are forgotten, one impression will live long, and that is the surging tragedy of a race expressed in the spirituals, in the mass hysteria, and in the occasional uncanny silences which achieve theatric magnificence under the guiding hand of Mr. Mamoulian and in the settings of Mr. Throckmorton. (At the Guild.)

The Ivory Door

EVERY now and then a New York producer appears with a highly developed whimsical sense—Winthrop Ames, for example, reveling in the little touches of magic he can bestow on Gilbert and Sullivan. But Charles Hopkins, czar of the tiny theatre once called the Punch and Judy, and now bearing his own name, seems to have caught whimsicality as a chronic mood. And the theatre should be grateful for so inspired a contagion. The Ivory Door, by A. A. Milne, provides an evening of unencumbered delight.

Of course, if you refuse to believe that dragons ever squirmed about the earth, or that kings ever wore crowns, or that legends were ever more powerful than truth, then your delight may be drenched in scepticism. In the sentiments expressed so engagingly by David Vivian as the little Prince Perivale in the prologue, you must be quite willing to pretend that truth is only make-believe, so that when your make-believe becomes too good to be true, you will know that it is true. Not a frequent state of mind in this century, perhaps, but utterly satisfactory for children and for grown-ups wise enough to be as children.

What happens—objectively—during the evening is this: King Hilary (of "once upon a time") tells his little son Perivale of the mysterious ivory door through which King Steven once passed, never to return. Fifteen years later, on the eve of his marriage to a Princess whom he has never seen, Perivale, now King, passes through the ivory door, determined to find what lies beyond. Actually, it leads him through a dusty passage to the garden of his own castle. Thoroughly disillusioned, he returns to the castle, to be greeted only by jeers. King Perivale, he is told, disappeared through the ivory door the night before, and has either been snatched up by devils or has fallen into a bottomless pit. Everyone knows this. It cannot be otherwise. This stranger, who, of course, does look almost like the King, cannot possibly be the King. He is an imposter, or a devil assuming the King's shape. In vain does Perivale appeal for recognition. When the Princess arrives for

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the wedding, she is told, right before Perivale, that the King is dead.

But the Princess, too, would pass through the ivory door, to see if the tale of the impostor could be true. She returns in two hours—but the Chancellor, the Captain of the Guards and the populace will have none of her evidence. She is simply not the Princess, but another devil in human form. Perivale and the Princess are bound together—but find a way to freedom. Together, they once more pass through the ivory door—no longer able to be rulers, but only man and woman, united in perfect love, and thus, as the story has it, becoming indeed a King and a Queen.

It is quite impossible to convey the delightful irony with which this tale of omnipotent legend is told—and for that reason, this recital of bare facts cannot impair your pleasure in the evening. Nor, without the illumination of gesture, voice and telling direction, can you gather the rich subjective implications. Probably there are thousands of us, clinging in fear to our cherished personal legends, who dare not pass the ivory door to the truth about ourselves. And if we do pass it, by chance or daring, we may not recognize nor welcome ourselves when we return. Thereafter we can only live at peace in the light of truth. The castle of our fancied kingship is too dark and narrow, clanking with the chains of ignorance—and if we are to be free, we must pass back again to the truth, which is the only bondage that yields freedom. You can take The Ivory Door a dozen ways—but none of them will be dull, unless, unhappily, you too have lost the key to that door and the garden beyond.

Henry Hull—up from the duskiness of Lulu Belle—gives a gracious, light and engaging performance as Perivale. The fear-hounded Chancellor, of Ernest Lawford, the obtuse Captain, of Edward Rigby, the gauzy Thora, of Helen Chandler, and the Princess Lilia, of Linda Watkins, are all of one mood with the tender whimsy of the play. Donald Meek, too, and Louise Closser Hale, give cause for joy. This is another production which owes a great deal to settings by Cleon Throckmorton. (At the Charles Hopkins.)

The Belt

BROADWAY can learn another lesson from Cherry Lane and Commerce Street in the production of Paul Sifton's The Belt, a rather radical pronouncement which suggests no conclusion, but which is acted with a vigor and staged with an expertness that leave an excellent impression on the jaded critic. The voicing and rioting were rendered with so much brio that one felt that the young men and women really enjoyed it. The stage director, Edward Massey, deserves more than a word of praise. The playwright is busy with the theme of the workman's grievance with a slightly camouflaged Henry Ford ("overalls through the courtesy of Sweet-Orr and Company, Incorporated"). The interlocking of interests and the tragedy of employer and employee leaves the spectator in the position of wondering whether or not it is the exactions of womenfolk that are at the bottom of so much of this trade disorder. Certainly the young women who shimmeyed so vigorously over the factory benches would lead the edified audience to the affirmative conclusion. (At the Playwrights'.)

T. W.

The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications on all topics of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.

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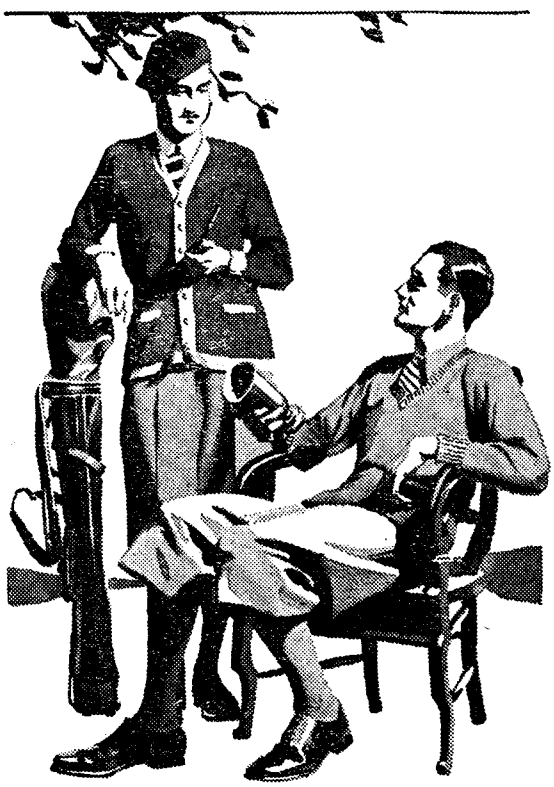

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BOOKS

America Comes of Age, by André Siegfried; translated by H. H. Hemming and Doris Hemming. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.

Where Freedom Falters, by the author of The Pomp of Power. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.00.

THESE may not be respectively the best and the worst of many recent analyses of American life and American purpose, but they are typical examples of the two classes into which these attempts to interpret America are divided. The distinguished French economist who writes of the coming of age of the United States has visited this country many times, has studied conditions at first hand in nearly every state of the union. He submits the result of his study in careful, exact terms; his criticisms are based on sympathetic understanding of the problems discussed; his praise is not fulsome, his conclusions are sometimes no more than the presentation of all sides of a matter which can be judged only by the point of view.

The offering of a writer born in Canada, who later became a member of the British Parliament, is one of several contributions which are obvious endeavors to make Americans see themselves, not necessarily as they are, but as others—and especially Englishmen—see them. To writers in this class there is really no need for Americans to see themselves as they are; what is of prime importance is that they should see themselves as their critics think they ought to be.

Seldom has such extraordinary preface to any serious work been produced as that which introduces Where Freedom Falters. Twenty-five pages are filled with what are considered the falterings of everybody of real importance to the author, from Lord Beaverbrook to Margot, Lady Oxford and Asquith. Even the critical chronicler confesses to one wobble when Lord Midleton—the preface reads like a page of the peerage—told him a story about Lord Askwith which later he fastened on Lord Asquith. But with all this, not the slightest intimation that the subject to be discussed in the body of the work is the faltering of the people who were reborn to the determination that freedom should not perish from the earth.

The whole method of the book proper may best be disclosed by considering its divisions. Of the eleven long chapters, one is entitled England To-Day: Mr. Baldwin and Lord Beaverbrook and another The European Situation and the League of Nations—in other words, not a study of the country where freedom is alleged to be faltering, not a presentation of America to Europe, but an unfolding of Europe to America. Another chapter—certainly the best in this strangely diverted story—deals with the present situation in Canada. Of the chapters devoted to American affairs, one deals with Colonel House and his peregrinations in Europe, and another—inevitable contribution to every work of this class—bears the title The United States as Creditor—and as Debtor. In this last, Europe is given an opportunity to look on the land where freedom falters, instead of being held up for the contemplation of America. This is what is shown to her:

"In brief, the United States, which prolonged the war by keeping out of it until the moment when it was no longer safe to do so, in view of her material interests, which in every respect suffered less than any other nation involved in the conflict, which emerged a creditor, whereas in 1914 she had been a debtor, nation, is determined to exact the last penny from Europe."

For the rest, the former member of the House of Commons has discovered that law enforcement is not so rigid or so prompt here as in England; that prohibition does not prohibit; that a statute regulates nothing if it has not the force of public opinion behind it. All of which is as true as the statement that all the angles of an equilateral triangle are equal—and just about as original. Nevertheless the preface was really diverting.

What M. Siegfried endeavors to discover and divulge are not superficial aspects of American life, but their underlying causes. These, he realizes and demonstrates, are often ethnic, sometimes religious. They produce what may seem to some casual observers effects, but are actually only struggles of a varied and perhaps too authoritative past with a vibrant and perhaps too confident present—in other words, phases in the growth of a nation coming of age.

How does America appear in these early days of its assumption of the responsibilities of manhood? "It is," says the careful French student of social conditions, "a materialistic society, organized to produce things rather than people, with output set up as a god. . . . An important transformation of society results from this concentration of energy on the one supreme object of mass production. The individual, having become a means rather than an end, accepts his rôle of cog in the immense machine without giving a passing thought to the effect on his personality. Religion, also enrolled in the movement, exalts production as an ideal akin to the mysticism of life and of human progress. The ideal of 'service' sanctifies this collaboration and its superb material rewards. Caught between the atrophied individual and the over-disciplined community, the family finds its field of action greatly restricted; for in the eyes of the apostles of efficiency, the family is regarded as a barrier impeding the current. Though the Catholic Church still defends it, believing it to be one of its strongholds, yet society as a whole no longer relies on the home for the early training of the nation.

"The chief contrast between Europe and America is . . . a fundamental difference between two epochs of the history of mankind, each with its own conception of life. We have the contrast between industrial mass production which absorbs the individual for its material conquests, as against the individual considered not merely as a means of production and progress but as an independent ego. From this unusual aspect we perceive certain traits that are common to the psychology of both Europe and the Orient. So the discussion broadens until it becomes a dialogue, as it were, between Ford and Ghandi."

An exceptionally searching study demanded exceptional skill in translation; M. Siegfried should be everlastingly grateful to his publishers for having entrusted the presentation of the work in English to the Hemmings.

ERNEST F. BODDINGTON.

The Social Catholic Movement in Great Britain, by Georgiana Putnam McEntee. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

THE very difficult question as to what the Catholic Church might do for labor under modern industrial conditions is obviously not to be answered theoretically. Though certain objective principles of justice are manifest and have been professed by the Church during long centuries, the application of these principles to the existing social order is by no means easy or even clear. Our query is rather: "What are Catholics doing, what have Catholics done, in such and such a country?" The Central Verein has tried to answer, as far

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as modern Germany is concerned. Some years ago Dr. Parker Moon published a lucid analysis of contemporary social action in France. Now Dr. Georgiana McEntee offers a study of The Social Catholic Movement in Great Britain, and thereby enters a field with which the American student is probably more familiar than he is with any other. The subject is exceedingly interesting, and if the question asked above is important, it should elicit a great amount of earnest consideration.

Dr. McEntee writes as a competent student of the complex problems conjured up by her theme. A man engaged in daily contact with economic or financial affairs would undoubtedly see the landscape in a different way; but her rôle of calm and analytical spectator is surely the one in which the public desires to merge itself. I say "calm and analytical." For although the book testifies to the genuine enthusiasm of its author for social reform in a genuinely Catholic spirit, it is decidedly not one of those neat and utterly useless catalogues of laudation which grace shelves left unconsulted. Almost every phase of contemporary social effort is recorded and traced to its divagations in book, pamphlet and periodical literature. The reading accomplished is simply enormous in scope; and when one remembers that the material dealt with is for the most part scattered, difficult to arrive at, and not indexed (what by the way has become of projects to supply a guide to Catholic periodical literature?) one's admiration is intensified. Viewed merely as a compact bibliographical manual dealing with the subject, Dr. McEntee's book is a real treasure.

Broadly speaking, the story of Catholic social action in Great Britain may be divided into three parts. The first was the magnificent effort of Cardinal Manning to arouse England to a knowledge of how the poor lived. The second was the development of the Catholic Social Guild out of scattered and conflicting theories and groups. The third is the expansion of this movement and its growing consciousness of what was being done in other countries, or internationally, to establish social principle. Our book is particularly good in its discussion of Manning. A "fighter for righteousness," a man who took the ethics of the Scriptures literally, the Cardinal brought with him from Anglicanism a deep consciousness of what was going on in London slums and a mighty resolve to do all he could on behalf of improvement. The glorious thing about him was a gift for dealing with concrete phenomena. He held, of course, to abstract principles, but he tied them up with burning problems—strikes, socialistic organization, education, relief, Ireland and so forth. It is a pity that Dr. McEntee seems to have missed the Journals and their intimate picture of the great, if often arbitrary, man's heart. She is so enthusiastic about Manning that perhaps she does some injustice to Newman. It is true that the "solitary of Birmingham" was not a campaigner for social causes. But he did envisage evils so clearly in his sermons, in some of his lectures, and in many of his letters, that one thinks a great deal more of social counsel might be had from him than is usually sought. If all England could have seen life in his way, industrial misery would long since have ceased to exist.

Dr. McEntee outlines the coming of the Catholic Social Guild step by step from the tentative actions of Cardinal Vaughan, and prefaces her study of it with a lucid and provocative discussion of various economic theories. The gamut from socialism through distributivism to the modern labor party movement is gnarled and knotted, but there is a great

In the Heart of Spain

THOMAS EWING MOORE

SEDUCTIVE Spain, abode of romance, nesting-place of the discovery of America, is treated here with a sparkle and a radiance that all who read must feel. Thomas Ewing Moore enters into this entrancing wonderland with an easy and appealing enthusiasm which has both movement and method. Here are found the hoary walls of Old Rome, the grandeur of Murillo's art, the awe-inspiring figures of the *Nazarenos,* a most Catholic Ku Klux Klan! Here sleeps Ferdinand, Saint and Warrior-King, in his crystal sepulchre open to the reverent gaze of the faithful. Here you may listen to the weirdness of the *jondo,* most typical of Andalusian music; to the voices of the *seises,* those little boys who trace the steps of a stately minuet before the altar of the Cathedral on high festivals. Here are revealed some little-known horrors of the bull-fight; and, as a relief to these, many comic anecdotes of the naïve simplicity of the care-free Andalusians. And what of a mine four thousand years old, and still profitable! The Rio Tinto, to which the Tartessians came for copper ages before the Christian era, today pays an annual dividend of over a million dollars! And the cult of the god Bacchus, materialized in the sherry industry of Jerez, is described herein from the vineyard to the tasting-room. If you are devoted to travel by the book-route, here is your vehicle! Andalusia and Seville the Golden await you.

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deal of interesting and significant speculation all along the way. I know of no other place where one can find it set forth so discriminatingly as in this portion of our book. Here and there, of course, personalities appear. There is a manifest animus against "black-shirted Fascismo"; and I do not think it accurate to speak of contemporary Austria as "the unfortunate little remnant of the once powerful Austro-Hungarian empire"—there being several remnants, and this one being, after all, not so unfortunate. In so far as the Catholic Social Guild is concerned, readers here will find it most interesting in view of developments in the United States.

The third section, which tapers off into the work done for world peace, will seem by comparison the record of varied disillusionments. A first hue of enthusiasm having rubbed off, Catholics in Great Britain became more conscious of their numerical weakness, the vastness of the problems to be dealt with, and the prevalence of disagreement between progressive and conservative groups inside the Church. Yet, though the tempo has slowed somewhat, a great many helpful and suggestive things have been accomplished. This is the period of Father Charles Plater's greatest activity, of the foundation of the Labor College, and of the expansion of interest among women. Concerning the last, Dr. McEntee says appropriately: "Gladstone belittled the significance of the conversions to Catholicism in England in his day on the ground that they were largely among women. He apparently had no concept of the individual and corporate power of women in the field of social action." The same statesman might observe that recent English Catholic efforts to promote peace, coming as they did in response to the petition of the Holy Father, demonstrate that the relations between the individual faithful and the Holy See are not political but grandly ethical and beneficent.

All in all, Dr. McEntee's meaty, fluidly written book is an addition to the important literature dealing with the relations between the Church and the modern world. It is likewise notable that, like Dr. Moon's discussion of the French situation, it is the product of graduate study in Columbia University. Thereby it draws our attention to the possibilities for coöperation in the field of scholarship, and proves that while no lover of facts can be indifferent to the Church, no Catholic can—or ought—to remain indifferent to facts.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

The Woodcutter's House, by Robert Nathan. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.00.

WHIMSY and serene humor are a garrulous pair of idlers that all too frequently have nothing much to say. Gratefully we accept them as they are—one does not expect oracles in every pleasant grove, and perhaps, as the world runs, a whimsical page is as desirable as a solemn treatise. But when one encounters fantasy and philosophy, wisdom and waggery, all in the same volume, a rare entry can be made in the diary of happy discoveries.

There is a kind of work that is neither novel nor poem, allegory nor fairy tale—yet a something of each. Robert Nathan writes just that kind—a kind, by the way, that is not easily written. The difficulty of the genre is often underestimated, with the result that many a maudlin tale of what the didactic little birdies are saying gets inked into print. Simple as it seems in plot and diction, The Woodcutter's House is actually a crafty piece of writing, a shrewd and multi-versed testament that assuredly confers on its author the right to be called "the gentlest philosopher."

If the brown leaf of melancholy did not brush the story ever so lightly, it might pass as a jolly tale for children, the history of a mountain Cinderella who found her woodcutter prince and almost lived happily forever after. But there is more to it, oh much more. Isaiah the horse speaks more than horse-sense to the sad dog Musket; Joseph's temptation is only figuratively concerned with ash trees; and Uncle Henry's lettuce is a naïve symbol for much that has nothing to do with lettuces. Read The Woodcutter's House for whatever you wish most to find—the sweet and simple tale of Metabel's love, the idyllic langour of high Hemlock, or the resigned cynicism of life and its creatures. I think you will find more downright sophistication in the book than in a basketful of European translations, and more wisdom than in twenty outlines of philosophy. It happens only once in a long age that one can like a book for its freshness and weariness, its melancholy and mirth, its nitric satire and blunt good humor. Yet these are only a few of the reasons why The Woodcutter's House may be called the most likable product of Mr. Nathan's art.

Notice, if you will, the firm logic of the work. A less severe artist than Mr. Nathan would have let critical intelligence fly out of the window when love came in the door. A flimsier story-maker would have given us the nut-sundae conclusion, thereby enabling us to forget it the next day. But given the elements of this drama, it could have no other ending than the brave curtain Robert Nathan planned for, and wrote toward. I like this kind of architectonic sincerity. If a character is tragic, no contortion of the narrative structure can make him less tragic. Joseph's destiny is to cut a few trees beautifully and for the art of the thing. Metabel of the thrush-colored hair, the wisest heroine we have met recently, knows that Joseph's life work must not, cannot, be interrupted by the exigencies of family life. Hence the self-sacrifice depicted in those last tender pages.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

Lysistrata: or Woman's Future and the Future Woman, by Anthony M. Ludovici. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.00.

WHAT miracle is this? In the name of progress, progress itself is denied! Out of the welter of modernism comes this manifesto against modernism! The perfectionist of yesterday, in the name of the perfect, pronounces the doom of a civilization built upon the idea of fashioning mankind by novel legal enactments!

When one sees about him on every side such discontent with stupid and moribund philosophies, is it not cause for hope? Should one too severely reprimand a writer, who, in two or three particulars, contradicts himself? The glorious ideal of mediaeval society was not lost in a day, nor will it be recovered in a day. Therefore, patience with such as M. Ludovici, who forgets that "to kill off the unfit" is a relapse into the very perfectionism which he denounces or that to adopt the Lindseyan "companionate marriage" is merely another surrender of principle to a fait accompli, a bad condition developed by faith in unsound values. Let those who have the vision of a society founded upon the principles of the Gospel, exercise patience toward all who are dissatisfied with things as they are, and who, to the best of their ability, are groping toward the light.

In spite of his limitations, M. Ludovici realizes what must be the remedy for a sick civilization which plunges on without taking thought of its own tendencies. First of all it is not

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to hurry on so fast; it is to rest a little while and take stock of itself, so that it may choose the right path. Whenever this reviewer finds a writer who recognizes this necessity, he rejoices; for has not much more than half been already conceded to those who would build upon the Gospel of Christ? The author of this little book realizes that civilization is at the crossroads and must soon pass beyond hope unless it does speedily take stock of itself.

Men have become extraverted and in consequence easily fall prey to "the wilful minority" that offers its leadership in the name of perfectionism. And why? Because of the industrial revolution which came upon the heels of the Reformation. Wealth triumphed over the human weal; and, since wealth consists of the possession of things, external things have triumphed over the souls of men and over the bodies through which these souls find expression.

The remedy, therefore, is the development of the inner life, a new faith purged of degenerative values (M. Ludovici means the Old Faith) a more "natural" life than that of the present, and (by no means least) an avenue of expression for those persons who do not find their vocation in the state of matrimony. What is to be done with leisured women who find a consolation for their childlessness in "reform" work of some kind, or those "monorchid" men who easily fall in with their plans? Such people, M. Ludovici insists, have almost ruined the world. Well, monasticism would promise something for them, he implies.

Lysistrata, as the name suggests, is a blast against feminism; but feminism is treated as only one phase of the movement in the direction of total artificiality. "Science" does not lead in this movement. It basely prostitutes itself to subserve the accepted values of the Puritans, whose goal is the complete conquest of nature—the triumph of the conscious over the unconscious. Puritanism is nothing if not logical. "Thinkers" direct its encroachments on life. There is no denying the "reasonableness" of the Puritan view. "If a man is drunk after he drinks four glasses of beer, he is one-fourth drunk after he drinks one glass of beer." That sums it up. Puritanism is actuated by a thirst for righteousness and a "moral indignation" which are implacable—and logical. But read Chesterton's chapter on The Maniac in Orthodoxy!

Feminism, being merely one of the phases of the Puritan movement, has its roots in Manichaean hatred of the body. Woman has invaded the industrial world. The magnates of business, being able to employ women for much less than they would be obliged to pay men, are friendly to the cause of feminine domination. M. Ludovici sees a day, in the distant future, when ectogenesis, gestation outside the body, will loom up as a peak of scientific achievement enlisted to aid the bosses and the women. All superfluous men will then be put to death, as are the drones of the hive after the marriage flight of the queen.

But, unhappily for them, how are the feminists, with their goal attained, to get rid of consciousness? "Almighty God," they will cry, "mercifully spared the bees our consciousness!" Then the darkness of death will descend upon the victims of the fond delusion that life and love could be slandered with impunity!

Extreme, you say? Yes. But the perfectionist sees his goal with "apocalyptic clarity." What, short of the goal itself, can stay him—when, with humanity itself sacrificed to his delusion, he takes time to look, the only look he ever takes, at that eternity beyond?

ROBERT R. HULL.

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The Modern Decorative Arts of Sweden, by Erik Wettergren, New York: The American-Scandinavian Foundation.

WE ARE accustomed to expect handsome publications from the American-Scandinavian Foundation, and in this work of the famous Swedish architect, Erick Wettergren, we find another example of their fine sense of decorative bookmaking and a wise discrimination in their choice of subject. As an exhibition of Swedish decorative arts is now to be opened to an American public, an English edition of the work, originally produced as L'Art Decoratif Moderne en Suède, has been prepared by Tage Palm of Chicago from the text of John Kroon and Edwin Lundgren, of the Malmö Museum.

In his study of Swedish decoration, Mr. Wettergren acknowledges the debt to French art and the influence of Bernadette, and sums up his analysis of the Swedish style "as a compound of a national and rustic element, of the classical harmony inherited from the Swedish-French culture of the eighteenth century, and of a modern industrial rationalism with important incitements from Germany."

In the textile arts he finds the most marked Swedish features, and the present volume gives many highly interesting examples of this development in embroideries, rugs and laces of unique designs. Book-making is also an important division of the Swedish decorative arts, and we are shown splendid gravures of the printing and binderies of P. A. Norstedt and Sons, and Albert Bonnier. Glassware and potteries have carried the spirit of Sweden very far into our own modern ornamentation, and the rarely beautiful glass, pottery and silver molding shown in this volume will arouse sincere admiration for their conscientiousness and ingenuity. Ironwork and woodturning in grilles, fences, and household furnishings is shown to have been brought to a very advanced degree of excellence. The contents of this work of the Malmö Museum and Erik Wettergren spur our interest in the exhibition which they are so nobly heralding.

RODERICK GILL.

The Holy Lover, by Marie Conway Oemler. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

ONE unusual feature of this novel is that even the title, the list of characters and the chapter headings are adequate texts for a sermon on the whole book. The title would feel quite at home flaming out in front of a Third Avenue movie house, and the list of characters (gravely printed out with a description of each) would be most appropriate on the screen, containing as it does such items as The Holy Club, Tom Mellichamp: A Young Scamp, Mrs. Welch: Trouble, The Herd Family: Good People, Savannah and Frederica (towns!): Wild Sheep, and Georgia: An Empire. After these, the contents is barren, offering nothing more exciting than Wild Women, Saints and Sinners, and The End of John Wesley's Love Life. One already knows half the book when he has finished the list of characters and the contents; the other half, sad to say, can be learned only by trudging through a maze of gossip, bickering and analysis of emotions that is at once lurid and unending.

There is no need to exasperate the reader by taking him through this malodorous swamp of ecclesiastical eroticism, where Wesley stumbles about, befouls himself, and makes a fool of himself, alike through others' small-mindedness, vice and intrigue, and through his own lack of humor, tact or decisiveness, and his utter preoccupation with his own interests and emotions. Mrs. Oemler's portrait is as far from fair to Wesley as Strachey's is to Manning.

RICHARD LINN EDSALL.

Be of Good Heart, by Joseph McSorley. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $1.50.

RECENTLY there has been a rather marked revival of pessimistic thought. A pessimisitic despondency is clouding many a young life in our very midst. Father McSorley would counteract this depressing condition by a plea for Christian optimism.

This book is not a coldly philosophical treatise, but a series of devotional talks to the soul. Be of Good Heart includes several delightful spiritual conferences which give a peace arising from something more than intellectual conviction. The author would advise the pessimist thus: "Let us not be deluded by new phrases, nor by promises wildly extravagant. Rather let us attempt to absorb a greater share of that Christian sanctity which has brought forth such splendid fruit century after century, which eliminates evil by teaching us to coöperate with the grace of God, and which recognizes physical pain to be not a mere phantasm, but the very useful servant of the soul." To counteract pagan philosophical egoism, the writer stresses the need for "keenness of vision to perceive what is right and true, though a babel of voices be proclaiming the thing that is wrong and false." Our guide is to be the Church, which teaches that the universe is made for the glory of God and that values are determined in direct ratio to their nearness to the heart of Christ.

Be of Good Heart will afford enlightening and inspiring spiritual reading for all who really seek the peace of Christ.

JOHN S. MIDDLETON.

D'une Critique Catholique, by the Abbé J. Calvet. Paris: Editions Spes. 15 francs.

THE problem of Catholic criticism is not merely dependent upon the existence of a literature Catholic in spirit and tendency. That is, the guidance, affirmations, negations and stimuli supplied by such criticism are absolutely necessary both if Catholics are to read literature at all, and if their life is to be dealt with ultimately in the literary manner. But what is criticism? And what, to be more specific, is Catholic criticism?

To both questions, so vital and unfortunately so utterly neglected, the Abbé Calvet replies in a manner learned as well as personal. He recommends that the title of Catholic critic be claimed by no one who has not been well educated, or whose reading and practice of the art of writing has suffered either from a want of native gifts or from a lack of opportunity. A reputable knowledge of theology may also properly be expected of those who undertake the discussion of spiritual literature. The responsibilities of the critic's position cannot be dodged, difficulties will descend upon him no matter what he does, and his rewards will not be great. But if he undertakes the work in a spirit human and humanistic, it will repay his effort a hundred-fold.

"The intellectual who is nothing but an intellectual remains a being incomplete," says our author. "Guard the integrity of your character and refuse to submit to the current cowardices. Keep yourself from being absorbed entirely by books to read and articles to write, if you would not lose all originality and freshness. Be a father if you are a father, a married man if you are married, a citizen, a man of your time. And do not, above all, forget to cultivate your garden, if you are fortunate enough to possess one." The book raises a good many questions and answers them, gives much excellent advice and information, reveals another side of the contemporary French Catholic renaissance, and deserves to be read widely.

AMBROSE FARLEY.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

The new black silk ribbon on Doctor Angelicus's Marie Antoinette pince-nez grew taut as he read the Wee Weekly Magazine of the first National Poetry Exhibition with its slogan, "Pin a Poem on the Wall for a Dime."

"The earlier poems are sent in" read the prospectus, "the better. When they are received they are pasted in a scrap-book into which about three hundred poems are eventually put. This scrap-book is read by hundreds of poetry lovers and anybody, anywhere, endorses the poems he or she likes. Each poem entered must be accompanied by $.10, the hanging fee. This pays for paste (and paste in tubes comes high) hardy scrap-books and typing."

"All this and much more," commented Doctor Angelicus, "goes on at Parnassus (30 East 12th Street, New York City). You can also have luncheon or tea if you reserve a table by telephone, for the impresario adds: 'Every hour of every day for the past ten years someone has suggested to me that I start a tea-room or something. I have. Yesterday Ruth and I served seventeen lunches. We crawled away at dinner-time and about fourteen hungry poets were disappointed. I never could commercialize food.'

"And why not?" moralized the Doctor. "The public wants to write poetry and the price of publicity is only $.10. A much wiser investment, my dear Amanuensa, than is effected by the sons of the western farmer, or of the crippled Bowery tailor, who mortgage father's cow-barn or sweat-shop to raise the $200 that are charged for printing their sheaf of fifty or sixty poems, binding them up in wall-paper that was intended for the family bedroom walls, and embarrassing their friends, cluttering the newspaper offices, and breaking their own hearts and those of their doting mammas. This is a vast moral disorder—literature has little or no blame for it—the result of unrestrained conceit and dislocated individualism!

"If you would save the price of a shave and hair-cut or clothe your perversities in the garments of artistry, or select your home in hovels and your friends from the uncleaned gutters, you must have your visa, your passport, and in these circles it means that you must produce a book. You may not have any inspiration but are your ideas not just as good as anybody's else? You may be sure your obsessions have not been overlooked by the low-browed Greek, Hebrew and Italian restaurateur, by the penny-wise trickster who will bind up your little verse (for, of course, you start out as a poet) who will print a hundred or so of your books and dump them on you, or (if you do not supply him with purchasers) into the garbage pail at the first sound of the street-cleaning wagons. As for the lunch-rooms, twenty-five hungry poets, roughly speaking, enter daily, and leave, still more roughly speaking.

"Never in any clime or any age have poets loomed so numerous over the horizon. The Scriptures speak graphically of the locusts of Egypt, but the inspired authors were never editors of popular magazines and America had not been discovered, and the far northwestern states remained uncolonized. The neglect of poetry and the obscurity of poets had long been the theme of critics wise in their own generation, but very dumb in computing modern populations. When they began to introduce rotarian methods on Parnassus, in schools of journalism and literature, when our colleges undertook to vaseline the young things in their charge into bardic groups, when the village poetry classes began their pullulations, then the climax was indeed at hand.

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"Pots and pans were left unscrubbed from the fastnesses and citadels of America, from Seattle to Santa Fé and Halifax, while the lady presidents and secretaries read their poems to the wives from Main Street, and shipped abroad emblazoned stationery telling of acceptances of their works by the editors of the poetry magazines of Sewanee, Mississippi and the Rio Grande. Young irregulars from Russia, Palestine and the Balkans, in serried ranks, marched into the poetical breach to encounter the village eccentrics, the chanting cowboys, the lilting shoemakers, the Japanese and Chinese laundrymen and valets, the Dryad Clubs of Saint Aloysius College, the seraphic-chorus nuns, the flamboyant novices, the tramp, factory and professional rhapsodists, sonneteers and snake-charming poets, aided and abetted by dinky publishers and dinkier institutes of learning or radicalism or mental perversion.

" 'Give me liberty or give me death!' is shouted at the news stands. 'The American Mercury,' craves the coffee-fiend; 'The Dial,' demands the horoscopic widow; 'The Quill,' quack the little geese.

"Then the poetry prize contests! 'I have won five poetry prizes the last year,' writes Amanda Glumstone, the poetess of the breezy Oregons. 'My trunk of poetry has not yet arrived from Petersboro,' explains Timothy Morning-Glory, submitting the new dozen of his poems typewritten on his way to the Grand Central Terminal. The production stimulated by these promises of cash-prizes grows mightily to shame Henry Ford and the United Fruit Company.

"So much verse, such mediocre masterpieces, such lauded nothingnesses, were never before known in the life of our longest subscriber. We need a new Jeremias, a new Zoilus, a new Dean Swift, to stem this tide of rotarian nature-verse, eucalyptic sentimentality, plaster-of-Paris piety and free-verse anarchy, of writers whose English cannot yet be called pure and undefiled. Tittivillus, boy, put down that Saturday Evening Post, and hand me my Crashaw. If there must be noise in the Quiet Corner, let it at least be heavenly!"

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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